The Nation.

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Summary of the News

Alarmist rumors have been freely circulated during the past week concerning the Mexican crisis, and have gained the more credence from the fact that the sittings of the mediation conference were interrupted from Monday till Saturday of last week while awaiting a reply from Carranza to the last note sent him by the mediators. The "Tampico incident," which appeared at one time to hold the possibility of serious consequences, was happily settled on Monday, and its settlement leaves the conference at Niagara Falls in a stronger position than before. The incident arose from orders given by Gen. Huerta for the blockade of Tampico to prevent the entrance to the port of the steamship Antilla, which left New York on June 2 with a cargo of arms for the Constitutionalists. Rear-Admiral Badger was instructed to keep close watch on the Mexican gunboats, and the Administration announced that Tampico would be maintained as an open port. The situation appeared critical until it was announced on Monday that Gen. Huerta had countermanded the order for the blockade.

Correspondence with the Constitutionalists on the question of their participation in the conference is still being carried on, but the declaration of an armistice, the point on which the mediators continue to insist, remains the obstacle in the way of an agreement. Meanwhile, the United States has presented a further plan to the mediators, which, it is understood, embodies essentially the same provisions as those on which the mediators and the Mexican delegates recently agreed, and in which Gen. Huerta concurred; that is, it provides for a method of transferring the executive power in Mexico to a provisional government, which in a few months shall conduct elections for President, Vice-President, and Congress. It has also been intimated to the Mexican delegates that the United States will not demand any reparation in the nature of a war indemnity.

In Mexico Gen. Carranza was declared Provisional President at Saltillo on Monday to the accompaniment of a certain amount of pomp. The usual reports of differences between Villa and his chief have been circulated and denied, and it is stated that, whatever differences there may have been, an understanding has been reached between the two, and Villa is advancing on Zacatecas, the railway to which place has been repaired. There has been fighting in Sonora between the civil and the military authorities. Gov. Maytorena was besieged last week in the palace by the troops of the Obregon-Calles faction, but was rescued on Monday by the intervention of a band of Yaqui Indians, and regained control of the situation.

The Administration's entire programme of anti-Trust bills, consisting of the Clayton Anti-Trust bill, the Railway Capitalization bill, and the Interstate Trade Commission bill, was passed by the House on Friday of last week, and came before the Senate Committee on the Judiciary on Monday. The opinion is expressed by leaders in the Senate that difficulty will be experienced in passing the Clayton bill, and the prediction is made that, if the President insists on the passage of all three bills before adjournment, the session will be prolonged until far into the autumn.

Juggling in the tolls debate in the Senate resulted on Saturday in the introduction of an amendment intended as a compromise between the Simmons amendment, already accepted by the Administration, and one proposed by Senator Norris, asserting more specifically the right of the United States to regulate the traffic passing through the Panama Canal. The effect of the amendment, if incorporated in the bill, will be to leave the treaty rights of the United States unprejudiced by the tolls repeal legislation and their determination to be decided in the future, presumably by arbitration.

The United States Supreme Court on Monday handed down its decision in the Shreveport case asserting the authority of the Federal Government to regulate interstate commerce through the Interstate Commerce Commission. We deal elsewhere with the effects of the decision, which is of the utmost importance in the regulation of railways and which is welcomed by the railway companies as relieving them from the conflicting control of various State authorities.

The investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission of the affairs of the New Haven Railway were continued last week, and on Saturday the examination of the books of the Morgan company was concluded and the Commission adjourned. It is generally believed that the public hearing of evidence is now finished, but at the end of Saturday's session Commissioner McChord, who presided, stated that if it were deemed necessary to hold further public hearings, the persons whose evidence was desired would be notified.

Despite his thrice repeated denial of Gubernatorial ambitions, Col. Roosevelt's friends continue in his absence to urge his candidacy for the Governorship of New York State. An elaborate canvass of the sentiment up-State is said to have been undertaken, and if the result of this prove favorable, it is pointed out that there is precedent for the Progressive leader, though all unwilling, accepting a nomination.

The sixth international congress of Chambers of Commerce and Commercial and Industrial Associations opened in Paris on June 8. Three hundred and sixty-nine associations, representative of thirty-seven nations, took part in the opening session. The most important question that will be discussed by the Congress is that of international commercial arbitration.

Another of Italy's periodical general strikes was declared on Monday as a protest against the killing of two supposed anarchists by the police during a parade under the anarchist leader Malatesta at Ancona. Rioting has occurred in various places, but elaborate precautions have been taken by the Government to protect public buildings and works, and it is stated that the authorities have the situation well in hand.

Something in the nature of a Ministerial strike appears to have been in progress in France. Following the resignation of the Cabinet of M. Doumergue on June 1, the President invited M. Viviani, Minister of Instruction, to form a Cabinet. The latter accepted tentatively, but on Saturday informed M. Poincaré that he had failed in his efforts, the difficulty being, apparently, to select a Ministry which should be in harmony on the question of the three years' military service. M. Paul Deschanel, the President of the Chamber, also refused the Premiership, as did M. Théophile Delcassé, former Minister of Marine, and until recently Ambassador to Russia; M. Dupuy, and M. Peytral. On Monday, M. Ribot, a veteran politician and an ex-Premier, undertook the task, and was able to announce the personnel of his Cabinet on Tuesday. M. Ribot himself takes the portfolio of Minister of Justice, M. Bourgeois becomes Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé is appointed to the Ministry of War, and M. Clementel assumes the delicate position of Minister of Finance.

A state almost of anarchy seems to exist in Albania. It is extremely difficult to gain any exact information of what is happening, but one gathers from various contradictory reports as to a prospective change of sovereignty, what has been fairly patent throughout, that Prince William of Wied as Mpret of Albania fails to satisfy any considerable section of his subjects. The interesting question is whether any other ruler appointed from the outside by the great Powers would prove more successful in reconciling factions. It has been reported persistently that Prince William's abdication is imminent, and the insurgents have been threatening the capital; but, according to a dispatch published on Tuesday, they have been checked by a defeat at the hands of the Government forces at Tirana.

The deaths of the week include: Sir Douglas Straight, June 3; Harris Charles Fahnestock, Sir William R. Anson, Robert J. Redding, June 4; Dr. Amos Lawrence Mason, Earl of Lucan, June 5; Gabriel Ferrier, June 6; Walter Theodore Watts-Duncan, June 7; Chief Engineer George Edward Tower, U. S. N., June 8; ex-Judge Edgar J. Sherman, June 9.

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The Week

The decision by the Supreme Court, on Monday, in the matter of conflicting exercise of power over railway rates by the Federal Interstate Commission and by a State Board of Commissioners, may fairly be called an epoch-making event. The substance of Justice Hughes's opinion, affirmed by the Court with two dissenting votes, is that a State has no right to impose such rates, even for services performed wholly within its borders, as shall interfere with the fair and equal operation of rates fixed by the Interstate Commission for similar services in traffic which crosses the State border. The decision therefore limits the power of a State in matters wherein such power has been constantly exercised; consequently it strongly vindicates the national authority. But it does much more than this. It declares inferentially that in the mass of rate regulations, Federal and State, which have frequently imposed two flatly conflicting orders on the railways, the instructions of the National Board are hereafter to be obeyed in case of conflict, and those of the State Commissions are to be ignored. The issue was raised by the State of Louisiana, which protested against conditions brought about by the State Railway Commission of Texas. It was indirect imposition of a protective tariff against a neighbor State.

The reasoning of the Court is briefly this: Unjust discrimination in rates, unduly favoring one community over another under similar conditions of traffic, is an evil which Congress has power to prevent. It is immaterial that this discrimination was caused by a rate imposed on traffic wholly within one State. The Federal authority is not bound, for the purpose of removing inequality, to reduce the interstate rate to the level of the rate within the State; if it did, it would merely protect interstate commerce by imposing a rate lower than it deemed fair and right. But since Congress has the power to intervene when the State Commission's rate involves discrimination; since it also may provide for exercise of such power through a subordinate agency, and since the Interstate Commerce Commission is the agency thus designated by the law—therefore the Interstate Commission's finding, as against the Texas State Commission's rates, is sustained by the highest court. The principles laid down in this extremely important decision are clear; their practical consequences are perhaps less obvious. The noteworthy forward step which the Court has taken is in assuming that the right, under the given conditions, to overrule a State Commission's rate policy is already inherent in the Federal Commission as an arm of Congress, and does not (as might have been inferred from the Minnesota rate opinion) have to await a new affirmatory vote by Congress.

The Supreme Court's decision that the Missouri Anti-Trust law is not invalidated by the fact that labor unions are exempted from its operation is of peculiar interest at this moment. It may not be conclusive evidence of what the Court would hold in regard to an act of Congress making a similar exemption, but it points strongly in the direction of the sustaining of the constitutionality of such an act. The Supreme Court holds that it was for the Legislature to decide whether the particular form of restraint of competition, or restraint of trade, involved should or should not be exempted from the scope of the statute; and, though there may be points of difference in this regard between a Federal case and a State case, it is certainly, to say the least, not improbable that the same view would be taken of an exemption of labor unions from the scope of the anti-Trust laws of the nation. If the Clayton bill, as passed by the House, were to become a law, the question before the courts would, indeed, be different from this altogether; the question would be, primarily, at least, whether the intentionally obscure language of the bill was to be understood as granting the exemption which the labor unions desire. But in voting for the bill like sheep following a bell-wether, many members made the excuse that there was no danger anyhow, since the courts would declare the provision unconstitutional if they found that it meant exemption. This refuge for cowardice no longer exists. The Missouri decision has come just in time to make unavailable in the Senate the excuse which was found so convenient in the House. Senators who are opposed to class legislation will be squarely called upon to make their votes agree with their opinions.

In his address at the unveiling of the Confederate monument in the Arlington National Cemetery—a fit pendant to his simple remarks before the veterans of the Civil War on Memorial Day—President Wilson happily pointed out those elements of the occasion significant of "a reunited people." The monument was dedicated by officers of the United Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic. It had been proposed by President McKinley, himself a commander on the Union side; its cornerstone had been laid by another President, "elevated to his position by the votes of the party which had chiefly prided itself upon sustaining the war for the Union." With fine delicacy, he refrained from any allusion to the facts which made his own acceptance significant. As he remarked, the absence of sectionalism has been so complete that any reading of the salient lesson of the dedication seemed not merely simple, but commonplace; malice towards none, charity for all, had been a watchword even before the close of the struggle, and it remained only to impress it as a personal maxim, making every citizen, in attitude towards public affairs, a replica of a harmonious and forward-looking nation.

Mr. Ledyard's testimony at the New Haven Railroad inquiry does not leave Mr. Mellen in an enviable position. The point on which Mellen, in concluding his testimony of three weeks ago, laid the greatest stress was that he had voluntarily accepted indictment for the Grand Trunk negotiations, solely in order to shield Mr. Morgan, and that his reward had been dismissal from the New Haven presidency. Now comes Mr. Ledyard, who was present at the conferences with Mellen about this same indictment, and who testifies that Mellen had discussed his personal apprehension of being indicted; had declared his purpose "to waive immunity and tell the story," trusting thereby to escape indictment, and had dictated a letter to the District Attorney to that purport. There is surely no evidence of vicarious sacrifice in this. As for the fur-

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ther testimony of Mellen, to the general effect that he was dragged reluctantly into the various questionable operations by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Ledyard testifies:

> In all my connection with the board, I never knew of any person but Mr. Mellen taking the initiative in bringing business before the board or any of its committees. . . . He had at his finger ends all the inter-corporate relations, and as a presiding officer he had the ability to put before the board what he wished in the most convincing way. The board had the utmost confidence in Mr. Mellen, and he was in that sense a power in the board. He was in that sense the one who dominated its policy.

It is only fair to say that Mr. Ledyard's statement is of general character, whereas Mellen's testimony, as to his own personal disapproval of the financial terms on which the Westchester and Rhode Island "deals" were conducted, was particular. It therefore remains to produce some further testimony which will bear on those special allegations. But as to the picture drawn by Mr. Ledyard of the general attitude of the New Haven's former president in its board, we are bound to say that it gives exactly the impression which railway men have always entertained. By them, at least, the notion of Mellen as being driven, a timid and unwilling participant, into the management's ambitious schemes, has from the first been greeted with incredulity.

The question of international commercial arbitration, the most important before the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce now meeting in Paris, is of sufficient moment to have received notice in several national legislative bodies. M. Max Leclerc, of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, recently submitted a comprehensive report upon the subject. So necessary is some rapid, inexpensive, and technically competent method of settling disputes in world business that textile firms, grain merchants, and publishers have voluntarily created boards of settlement. The Bourse of Paris has a model contract, for use in all centres of grain trade, and the executive committee of the International Congress of Publishers recently adopted a rule organizing arbitration. What is lacking is legal sanction to the results of these professional agreements. The cabled reports of the plans submitted Monday by Mr. Bernheimer, of New York, and Dr. Pozzi, of Milan, state that they look to legislative provisions "to clothe foreign arbitrators with powers to fulfil their functions, to provide for them legal protection, and to give executive force to the judgments pronounced by them." M. Leclerc proposed that the French Government call two conventions to consider the matter; the first of diplomats and business men, the second of diplomats alone, who might be relied on to reach a satisfactory solution. Clearly desirable as such a consummation is, beyond doubt it must come slowly. A law making international commercial decisions valid in France passed the Chamber in 1908, but has not yet been approved by the Senate. In face of the large difficulties before international action, business organizations must continue doing what they can in an unofficial way.

Rear-Admiral Fletcher's excellent reputation as an officer of judgment and humanity, free from jingoism or blatancy, is enhanced by his two reports on the operations at Vera Cruz. The first, admirably written, records his efforts to limit the loss of life and destruction of property, and strongly confirms the general impression that this unhappy enterprise was carried on with all possible skill, dispatch, and efficiency. The second lists an extraordinary number of officers and men who distinguished themselves by their coolness and bravery. Here again the Admiral's reputation for calm judgment—so highly praised by President Wilson at Annapolis last week—guarantees that all these men really merit the honors he asks for them. As to some other officers, the appearance of a list so unusually long would merely awaken doubts; with Rear-Admiral Fletcher's word for it, the country can be sure that it has in its naval service a high percentage of fearless and devoted men.

Though founded, it is said, on the same principle as that which initiated national aid to agricultural schools a half-century ago, the Hoke Smith vocational-aid bill, embodying the recommendations of the Vocational Education Commission appointed in January, may expect opposition from many sources jealous of the rapid extension of Federal functions. The Commission's plea that it will "help solve a problem too large to be worked out permanently save by the whole nation" seems rather speciously supported by the arguments that the migratory nature of labor makes the subject of interstate concern, and that the resources of the States vary widely in proportion to their burden. There is more force in the statement that the interest and prestige of Federal backing will give a needed impetus to a subject treated too indifferently. It is beyond doubt that State and municipal attention, though widely aroused, requires some further spur. The measure reported last week carries an ultimate expenditure of $7,334,000 a year, to be distributed among all States which will spend dollar for dollar, and submit their plans to Federal approval. Its supervising board would lay extra burdens upon the Postmaster-General and Secretaries of Commerce, Labor, Agriculture, and the Interior, who —with the Commissioner of Education as chairman—would constitute it. The many who feel that local and State divisions can most effectively solve the difficulties of this form of education will hope that debate may show clearly whether the Government would be wise to undertake it.

In his commencement address at Columbia, President Butler struck somewhat the same note as that sounded in his address a year ago. What he then spoke of was the tendency towards making life a Flatland, a thing without depth and without permanent roots, which was an accompaniment of our extraordinary absorption in the immediate problems of the time. This year it was the remarkable growth of the idea of regulation, at the expense of the idea of liberty, to which he directed the attention of his hearers. This is most emphatically a word in season. The prevailing tendency to accept regulation in place of personal liberty, in one field after another, is all the more dangerous because it is in large part due to changes in social conditions which justify regulation of many things formerly left to take care of themselves. Social relations are more complex, the things that have to be done by men in masses and not as individuals are more numerous, than they were half a century ago. But that is no reason why the "self-regarding" acts—to use Mill's term—of men should be subject-

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ed to more restraint, but quite the contrary. The habit of regulation, growing inevitably and rightly through the pressure of certain plain social needs, threatens to invade every department of life. It is for university men, above all, to raise the voice of protest against this menace.

When Swinburne, in 1909, was carried from the Pines to his grave, it seemed as if one of the doors of Romance had been closed in England. And n w Theodore Watts-Dunton, who had occupied the same house with him on Putney Hill since 1879, has followed him on the way to the majority. The two were singularly well suited intellectually, and it would not be amiss to say that the later to die held a place as critic in the resuscitated romantic movement somewhat akin to that held by Swinburne as a poet. It is not our purpose to discuss now his powers and adventures as an accredited guide on the slopes of Parnassus. Those who care to read of these things may find them written out at length and in a manner somewhat fulsome in the biography published by his ardent disciple, Mr. James Douglas, while the master was still living. He was at his best, we are inclined to think, in those briefer articles, half personal reminiscence, half literary criticism, such as he wrote for the *Athenæum* on George Borrow, his friend and fellow in gypsy lore; or such as his note on "Rossetti and Charles Wells," printed as preface to a recent edition of "Joseph and His Brethren," with its charming glimpses of Rossetti's circle and especially of Wells himself, that adventurous failure in the romantic hazard.

In his more learned disquisitions Watts-Dunton easily lost himself in magnificent and vain generalizations, and the phrase, "the renascence of wonder," which has given him a kind of celebrity, has been the cause of no little loose thinking and large talking. That watchword of the so-called romantic revival is known to most readers from its place in the article on Rossetti in the Encyclopædia Britannica, but as a matter of fact it was first used by its author in connection with his own wonder-mongering story of "Aylwin." Its meaning, so far as it conveys any very definite idea, has been explained by its creator: it "merely indicates that there are two great impulses governing man, and probably not man only, but the entire world of conscious life: the impulse of acceptance—the impulse to take unchallenged and for granted all the phenomena of the outer world as they are—and the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of inquiry and wonder." His own novel, already named, and the rather complicated series of gypsy poems are exemplifications not so much of inquiry and wonder as of wonder and sentimentality, with an occasional flash of imaginative insight.

Alexander Ribot, who has been successful in the difficult task of constructing a Ministry in the face of Radical and Socialist hostility, has presided in his time over Cabinets made up of diverse elements. But that was twenty years ago and more. Since then French Radicalism has taken on a much sharper edge, and M. Ribot, on the other hand, has drifted more and more towards the conservative side. Consequently, there is something anomalous in his being called to the head of the Government after an election in which the Socialist and Radical forces in Parliament have been greatly strengthened. If the leaders of the majority groups find it hard to frame an acceptable policy with regard to the three years' military service law and financial reform, an outsider like Ribot would seem to be confronting an absolutely hopeless task. But it may be that the leaders of the majority groups are not averse to an interim Ministry under a man of national prestige like Ribot—one of France's Elder Statesmen—while they are composing their own differences. Ribot himself is undoubtedly in favor of retaining the service of three years. It was while he was Foreign Minister under Freycinet that the foundations were laid for the alliance with Russia. Any measure tending to weaken the country's military position is obviously out of line with the policy of the Dual Alliance.

One explanation of the prolonged Ministerial crisis is that the leaders of the Radical and Socialist majority are on strike against M. Poincaré. There have been stories that his enemies are determined to drive him from public life, and to that end are resorting to the dissemination of private scandal. It may be that personal and factional spite dominates the situation. But it is also possible that something of a constitutional issue is at stake. It will be recalled that when M. Poincaré was elected President he was hailed as the Strong Man who would check the absolutism of Parliament by the reassertion of the dormant prerogatives of the Chief Executive. His election was hailed as a setback for Radicalism. Now that the Radicals are firmer than ever in the saddle, they may have chosen the moment to assert in unmistakable form the supremacy of the Chamber of Deputies. By bringing M. Poincairé to his knees they would settle the question of the "prerogatives" of the President.

The terrible disasters which overtook the German navy's Zeppelin dirigibles have not in the least discouraged it from going on with other airships of this type. A new and more powerful one than either of the others, the "L—3," has just completed a trial voyage during which it stayed thirty-six consecutive hours in the air and sailed over a large part of Germany. Leaving Lake Constance early in the morning, it went by way of Bâle to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and at nine o'clock in the evening was at Metz. Five hours later it was in Bremen, after which it went out to sea to Helgoland. Just twenty-four hours after leaving Lake Constance, it had come back from Helgoland to Berlin, greeting the workers of the city as they hurried to their tasks. It then returned to the North. Sea before finally descending in Berlin at seven o'clock in the evening. On board was the new Inspection Commission of the Navy Department, whose predecessors perished so tragically on the trial trip of the "L—2." While the weather conditions were on the whole favorable, there were some severe winds encountered, but the ship had no difficulty in holding her course. The same craft recently established a new altitude record for Zeppelin dirigibles by rising to a height of ten thousand feet. It is in every way the most powerful ship yet turned out by Zeppelin. Facts as to the engine power are not available, but as to size it is stated that in every dimension she far outstrips her predecessors.

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THE FLUX OF PARTIES.

An examination paper on political parties, set in a course on "civics," would nowadays ask questions which it would bother a book-trained student to answer. Do we have government by party in the United States? Are the differences among Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives clear-cut? Does the party out of power steadily oppose the measures of the party having control of the Government, and vote solidly against its measures? We know what theory says on all these points. But what are the facts? Let the ingenuous youth who knows the paper account of party government go to Washington, and what would he see? If he had been in the House of Representatives on last Friday evening, when the anti-Trust bills were passed, he would have thought that our political parties were in a state of complete flux and hopeless confusion. Here were Democratic bills—and bills which had been attacked and denounced by the Republican and Progressive leaders—yet Republicans and Progressives voted for them in battalions. For one bill all of the Progressives voted, while only eight Republicans were against it. For another forty-one Republicans and fifteen Progressives voted. A handful of Democrats were against both. Thus party lines were not merely crossed, but broken.

Superficially, all this looks very like a great success for President Wilson's strategy. If the leader of the Democratic party is able to devise legislation that keeps his own party intact while seriously dividing his opponents, who can stand against him? It is certainly the fact that Mr. Wilson has had, thus far, a series of triumphs of this kind. In this particular, he shines by contrast with the bad luck of President Taft. The latter split his own party and solidified the Democrats. President Wilson has exactly reversed the process. He has held his own followers together while splitting the Opposition. He did it to a certain degree last year with his tariff bill and with his banking and currency legislation. He is doing it with his Panama tolls-exemption repeal, for which many Republicans voted in the House, and for which eight or ten Republican Senators are going to vote. And with his Trust bills he scored apparently the most decisive victory of all.

Things, however, are not always what they seem in politics. A little attention paid to the forces lying behind this seeming demonstration of the President's complete domination over Congress will disclose uncertainties and perils on every hand. In the first place, the Democrats who stood by the President did so without any great enthusiasm. They are in a state of political apprehension. At the very moment when the power of their party appears to be highest, they fear that defeat is impending. The Republicans, moreover, who fell in behind the Wilson bills in the House, have not the slightest thought of relaxing their attacks upon him. Congress is one thing; a national campaign and the poll of the people are another. The fight for the control of the next Congress will be waged just as bitterly as if the Republicans had kept their ranks unbroken in the voting on the Trust bills. Into those measures were written provisions—especially the concessions to organized labor—which many of them dared not go on record as opposing. But the President who urged the bills they will go on opposing to the best of their ability. It was no "era of good feeling" which was indicated by the remarkable switching over of the Republican vote to the Wilson bills.

What perplexes the ordinary citizen, in the presence of all this mixing-up of parties and their policies, goes deeper than anything having to do with elections. In the prevailing deliquescence he seems to find nothing to tie to. The party of his own preference he repeatedly discovers failing him, or leading him he knows not whither. Turning to the other side, he sees no better proofs of conviction and stability. If he looks to the third party, he perceives that the personally conducted Progressives are no more assured of themselves, or more clear in what they think and intend to do, than the others. A vast opportunism seems to have descended like a cloud upon American political parties. It is impossible to trace the old distinctions. For a man to call himself a Democrat or a Republican does not in the least signify any longer what his political convictions are. As for the traditional desire to have two parties in the commonwealth, one conservative and the other radical, few are left to cherish it as possible of realization. Radical views—some say that there are no conservatives left—permeate all parties. The result is obviously to weaken for the time being the standard conception of government by party. Doubtless the present flux will not indefinitely continue. But at the moment, it must be confessed, the break-up and fusing in our political life leave many disconsolate Americans in search of a party.

REGULATING THE REGULATORS.

Is the next step in the social service programme to be the private regulation of Government regulation of private business? Last Thursday the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations was taking testimony on the subject of child labor in the tenements. The representative of an association of garment manufacturers was asked what precautions were observed by employers in distributing work to be done outside of the shop. He replied that such outside work was sent only to duly licensed places under inspection by the State. Thereupon counsel to the Industrial Commission put the following question:

> Isn't it a fact that you have not taken the trouble to inquire into conditions, and haven't you heard previously, as has been testified before this Commission, that the State's inspections are so imperfect as to be unworthy of the name?

We have not at hand the reply of the dazed business man to this amazing interrogation. That he was dazed we are morally certain. For the assumption here was that the business man who is subject to Government regulation is bound to see that the regulators do their duty. Possibly even he ought to lay a complaint against the inspectors for not being sufficiently severe with him.

There was method, of course, in counsel's madness. As counsel for a Federal Commission he was presumably interested in proving the futility of State inspection, as opposed to Federal inspection. In order to score a tactical point he did not hesitate to imperil the entire case for Government regulation. It may be that the Federal Government is more efficient than this or that State government; after all, that is a question of degree. It is by no means our intention here to deny the truth of the statement made by counsel for the Industrial Commission. The case may be as he has described it. And whatever

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may have been his immediate object, he has called attention to the fact that the difficulties inherent in the problems of public regulation are accentuated for us by the evil traditions of public inefficiency and the spoils system.

This need of a higher conscience and efficiency in the public service, whether the service of the State or of the Federal Government, is bound to loom up among the pressing problems of our democracy. For democracy will be directly on trial in the working of our public service commissions, our workmen's compensation commissions, our factory and health and tenement and fire-prevention inspectorships; more directly on trial, one imagines, than through the working of our direct primaries, direct elections, and reformed ballots. The difference is measured by the difference between the effort necessary to put a law on the statute books and putting it into practice. We are well into the process of legislation. We are just entering on the process of application. We are now concerned with the human factor upon which the success or failure of remedial legislation depends. It will not do to demand the abolition or reconstruction of a Public Service Commission when we have lost faith in it. All the tinkering and rebuilding in the world will be of no avail if the new machine is to be captured after a few years by the predatory political elements. The problem is to defend these new organs of the public welfare against seizure in the high places, and in all eventualities to prevent politics from laying a dead hand on the rank and file of the public service departments.

These are the perils of the moment. Ultimately it is our belief that the principles of an honest and efficient civil service will establish themselves in the departments we are so rapidly creating. And this will come about precisely because these new departments touch so intimately on the daily welfare of the population. The imagination of the average citizen is apt to remain cold to the more abstract ideals of civic activity. It requires some effort to translate municipal economy or an honest Police Department into terms affecting the daily life of the ordinary non-tax-paying citizen. But no such effort of the imagination is necessary to recognize the difference between an efficient and an inefficient factory inspector or the difference between an honest tenement-house inspector and a tenement-house inspector who grafts. Where the difference between conscientiousness and neglect on the part of a public servant can be measured up directly in the impaired health of the workers or in catastrophes like the Triangle fire, the demand for honesty and efficiency will sweep the politician out of power.

DOUBTS ABOUT DREADNOUGHTS.

From England comes the gratifying news that a foremost British naval authority, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, has come out against the building of battleships, not, it is true, on pacific grounds, but because in his judgment their day is over. It is the victory of the submarine which he reluctantly proclaims, for this is the officer who has done more probably than any other in the British service to develop the science of gunnery. His gun-carriages, his appliances for big-gun firing and for night signalling at sea, and, above all, the impetus he has given to target practice, have all greatly increased the efficiency of the British navy, and given the heavy gun an advantage in the duel between armor and ordnance. But now he declares that armor and gun alike have to yield before the submarine, and that every other type of craft must eventually give way before it. Airships, aeroplanes, and submarines will constitute the fleets of the future, in his opinion; he even goes so far as to say that the Admiralty will be wasting the country's money if it devotes another penny to battleship construction.

It is devoutly to be hoped that naval experts in other countries will now come over to Sir Percy's views. With this precedent before them, tongues may be unlocked which are now tied by fear of the charge of disloyalty to an accepted naval theory, or to the profession. In naval matters experts are much like sheep. When England brought out its Dreadnought, all the world was ready to impoverish itself to follow suit. When she produced a turbine battleship, turbines became the rage; her battleship-cruisers were at once imitated by all of Europe, if not by the United States. Were she to produce a Diesel-engine battleship to-morrow every designer in every Navy Department would hail the day of the coalless battleship. Now, we admit that while England sets naval fashions, no single expert, however eminent, can bring about so radical a change as Sir Percy foretells. Abandon the walls of steel which are the sole hope of Britannia? This Admiral may think himself lucky if he is allowed to remain in his service clubs. Yet his letter to the *Times*, if it is correctly reported here, is bound to set people, in and out of naval uniform, to thinking.

For some time past the current has been running against the big battleship. The British Admiralty itself has been building smaller ships, though our own Navy Department plans larger and larger ones. There has been a reaction, too, against the monster gun, as well as against the horrible expense of the latest war-monsters. The two just being provided by Congress are to cost no less than fourteen millions apiece; at the same time the Secretary is to be authorized to sell the Mississippi, and Idaho, vessels but six years old, which cost only about six millions apiece, yet are now so antiquated as to be unfit, according to the Navy Department, for service in the first line of battle. If the price of such ships of war has risen from less than six millions six years ago to fourteen millions to-day, what will it be six years hence? And conservative naval officers have been asking themselves whether, after all, these monsters are worth building in numbers if thereby all other classes of ships are of necessity neglected. Vera Cruz has shown that in an emergency of this kind a battleship is of less value than an armored transport or light-draught vessel, save that it houses more men and can send larger landing-parties ashore. Fourteen-inch guns on ships lying far out from shore are of no particular value against snipers; though they might have had some value if it had been necessary to help fight off an attack on American intrenchments far inland.

Writing in the *Army and Navy Journal*, a few weeks ago, a person who signed himself "Missouri," but is known to be one of the ablest of our recently retired admirals, asked no less than thirty-one searching questions in regard to the colossal battleship, the animus of which inquiry was plainly hostile. He wanted to know, for instance: "What

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actual experience in battle can be quoted to justify this change of calibre from twelve to fourteen inches?" "Is," he inquired, "the increase in size of our newer battleships attended by any gain or loss in manœuvring power? If so, how great is the gain or loss?" It is needless to point out that if there were a gain, and not a loss, this question would not have been put. Some other interrogatories by him were these:

> Do the newer ships carry as many rounds per gun as the older ones? Does the larger ship *per se* offer any military advantages over the smaller, save that she may prove a more stable gun platform? Granted that, in a single ship action, the more heavy guns a ship can carry the better, does this hold true as to fleets? Do big men make better soldiers than small ones? With the same total number of guns, is it not conceivable that an admiral might prefer to have them distributed on more rather than on fewer ships? In a line of battle would not the loss of one such smaller ship be less grave in its consequences than the loss of a leviathan? Is the development of the monster battleship of to-day predicated on any study, however superficial, of what has actually occurred in naval warfare? Is it not rather due to a rivalry which prompts us to "see" our possible enemy and "go him one better"? If those leviathans are really what some people suppose them to be, why stop at a paltry displacement of 31,000 tons? Why not go at once to 100,000 tons and forty twenty-inch guns?

Now, to those who believe that the squandering of the people's money on these monsters is the most wanton waste of public funds in this day and generation, all these doubts are most encouraging. The battleship is certain to go in the long run, because its cost is ruinous, and because it mocks our Christianity; but it will go much faster —very soon, indeed—if other naval officers admit the folly of it from the purely naval point of view.

FATHERS AND SONS IN IRELAND.

A good deal has been heard, in one way and another, of the younger generation in Ireland, and of its impatience with the political ideas and some of the political procedures of its elders. Youth has the traditional privilege of rebelling against age; and it would be strange if Irish youth were an exception. Despite the pressure for solidarity which the Home Rule struggle has long exerted, there are many young Irishmen who do not assent to the political views of their fathers. A striking evidence of this is furnished by a play, "An Irishman's Home," recently published in London. It was written in collaboration by two young Irishmen, one of them the elder son of Sir Edward Carson, the other the nephew and adopted son of Mr. John Redmond. A Montague and a Capulet in agreement!

Reviewers say that the play itself is no great thing, which may well be believed. But the two authors have prefixed to it a "Preface for Politicians," in which they unfold their ideas about Ireland and Irish government in a way which would be noteworthy coming from any young writers, and which, coming from Messrs. Carson and Redmond, is really piquant. For these sons are in pretty thorough disagreement with their fathers. They are so in respect to personal attitude and action. Sir Edward Carson's son is actually a member of the United Irish League! He does not believe in all of its objects, but he wishes to emphasize by his membership in it his protest against the separatism of Ulster. On the other hand, young Redmond has joined the Ulster Volunteers! Not that he is not an ardent Home Ruler, but that he is strongly against the coercion of Ulster. He would not have Irishmen of any shade of political opinion compelled by force to give it up, or to submit to those of a contrary view. One rubs one's eyes as one reads of all this, and involuntarily asks, Is this Ireland? Is it merely a joke which freakish boys are playing?

No; the youthful Carson and the youthful Redmond are as serious in their way as their sires. They merely assert the right to think for themselves. And some of their thinking, as they have written it down in their "Preface," is of a sort to make the Ulster leader and the chief of the Nationalists gasp as they read it, and wonder what has happened to their own flesh and blood. Sir Edward Carson is told by his son that, if his convictions require it, he may keep up "an army of men in open rebellion" in Ulster, but "you must not call it 'Loyalty.'" Mr. John Redmond lights on a passage where his adopted son speaks of "Redmond, the political Syndicalist, bent on keeping the balance of power." But this is partly offset by a description of Sir Edward Carson as "the military dynamitard, whose example would turn every disputed election into a civil war." Almost might "King" Carson make his own echo the words of King Henry IV:

> I know not whether God will have it so,
> For some displeasing service I have done,
> That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
> He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me.

These irreverent children of revered fathers are able to give a reason for the political faith that is in them. Critical of the standpoint, and contemptuous of the rhetoric, of the generation that preceded them, they yet seek to build upon the labors of the past. They are obedient to the injunction to "think Imperially." So thinking, they would have Ireland knit to the British Empire as the great self-governing colonies have been —that is, by granting full local control of local affairs. From this point of view, John Redmond is pronounced the finest example of an Imperial Unionist; whereas "Carsonism, as representing Castle government, will in a couple of generations be looked back upon as the last relic of a mediævalism which, in our colonies, would have been sufficient to drive them into open rebellion in six months." Speaking of the immediate future, these sons of their fathers declare, with a moderation and sagacity that would not be amiss in the older generation:

> The measure of the concessions made by Nationalists to Orangemen will be the measure of the confidence and coöperation with which the men of the North will fall in with the men of the South to make the new Constitution a success. For the present situation has once and for all declared what every Irishman in his heart has already known—namely, that the Englishman does not and cannot understand the Irish problem. Nay, had we not lost our native sense of humor, we should recognize in one thunderous laugh that Sir Edward Carson's military demonstrations of Volunteers are the greatest declaration for Home Rule that has ever occurred in the great controversy, while the dragooning of Ulster would be the greatest piece of coercion since the rebellion of '98.

Warning not to exaggerate the importance of this deliverance of the younger Carson and Redmond is not necessary. The sons may lift their voices, but it is still the fathers who will have to dispatch the business. The truly significant thing in the Ibsenish knocking at the door by the younger generation in Ireland is that, by young as by old, the national sentiment is recognized as a living thing that must be dealt with. By the voice of youth as well as of old

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men, Ireland still asks for an end of "the blundering past control," and demands that England, as George Meredith put it, "simply give her elbow-room."

AS THE WORKER SEES HIMSELF.

It may be chance, or it may be another sign of the quickened self-consciousness which has come to English workingmen in recent years, that two of the widely discussed books of the literary season in England should be by workingmen and concerned with the life of the workers. Patrick MacGill is by this time a name not unfamiliar to the discriminating reader on this side of the Atlantic. The name Robert Tressall is quite new. Patrick MacGill, "the navvy poet," though only twenty-four, began his literary career five years ago with "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook," which led to his appointment on the editorial staff of a London newspaper. Within the present year he has published an autobiographic novel, "Children of the Dead End," and a volume of poems, "Songs of the Dead End." Robert Tressall—if that is a real name—is an English house-painter of strong Socialist leanings, who died and left behind him a manuscript of 300,000 words which came into the hands of Miss Jessie Pope, of the staff of *Punch*. Miss Pope prepared the manuscript for publication by liberal trimming, and has given it to the world as a remarkable human document, under the cumbersome but arresting title, "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.).

Fuller information than the editor of the book is willing or able to give regarding the personality of Robert Tressall would have been of value. For in reading this minute record of the work and talk and sufferings and reactions of the English artisan, one is immediately impelled to ask how typical of working-class existence was the writer's own experience. The book is a portrayal of the daily life of the British worker in a provincial town, done with a fine veracity so far as individual characterization goes. But the picture of the life it presents is of such unrelieved gloom that at once the question rises whether this is indeed one of the masses describing the life of the masses, or whether it is the impression created on a clever observer from the outside to whom the life is terrible because it is, after all, strange. This is aside from the author's obvious antagonism to the present organization of society, which is always outspoken and frequently makes the book, in spite of its lifelike figures, a violent Socialist tract. The phrase which the editor has taken for a title is applied by the writer to the workers whose good-natured indifference makes the present system possible.

An excess of pessimism in the depiction of the life of the masses always suggests a standpoint outside of the life of the workers. There may be intimate knowledge; there may be years of actual experience, as in the case of Patrick MacGill, the child of poverty-stricken Irish crofters, sent away to shift for himself when a mere lad and finding, before he was twenty, his full share of work, hard fighting, and drink. Yet MacGill did emerge early in life, and his recollections of the past are necessarily darkened by the inevitable comparison with his newer condition. One suspects the same forces at work in the case of the author of "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists." It is not only that his story is a disheartening record of toil, starvation, failure, disease, and suicide, such as the mind recognizes for a distorted picture of the normal life of the skilled worker. Worse than this insistence on the tragedy of the worker's existence, is the denial of value to such brighter phases as even the most disenchanted of chroniclers is bound to notice. The British artisan's pleasures are described as animal pleasures, carried on in an atmosphere of beer and profanity. His ignorance of the political and social forces that shape his own destiny is pitiful. His powers of reasoning when applied to questions of the day are childish. This, our writer is constantly saying by implication or in so many words, is the brute condition to which our iniquitous social system has reduced the worker.

It is a method of observation which, applied to any class and any condition, is bound to show life empty and meaningless. Robert Tressall's house-painters and ditchers, engaged in discourse over their tea and bloaters, are not strikingly more illogical, more ill-informed, more the creatures of prejudice and superstition than many an audience of their betters. The same method has been applied with predilection by the French realists to the "bourgeois," and with similar results. Mr. Wells has applied it to the English shop-clerk to the same effect. We dare say one might play eavesdropper on a company of college professors at their ease and carry away a disheartening impression of a painfully limited outlook, of halting logic, of undeveloped sympathies. The attitude of Mr. Tressall's house-painters towards politics may easily find a parallel in the pages of the *Congressional Record*. And so with their pleasures. To the observer from the outside the atmosphere of the tavern to which the artisan repairs after his work may be painfully sordid, but, after all, there is no essential difference in moral or æsthetic value between the tavern and the bar of a Piccadilly hotel. If Piccadilly is ill at ease in the tavern, the tavern would be just as depressed in the Carlton.

In this tendency to regard as degraded in the worker's life what is only unfamiliar, to accentuate his intellectual limitations which are less the limitations of a class than of the human mind, such books as Robert Tressall's are untrue. Valuable when they deal with specific wrongs, when they protest against the exploitation of the worker, when they deal with the ever-present menace of unemployment and want, they depart from the truth when they seek to deny the worker a humanity which is his.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE YARD-STICK.

There lies before us an extensive questionnaire, addressed "To the Faculty Members of the University of Wisconsin," by "The University Survey," acting on behalf of the State Board of Public Affairs. With the memory of the Harvard episode of a year and a half ago still fresh, one instinctively asks, first of all: Is this another outbreak of the time-card notion of university management? There was no possibility of mistaking the matter in the Harvard case. No one who had any conception of the true nature and meaning of universities could tolerate for a moment that remarkable manifestation of philistine stupidity and arrogance. The Harvard faculty—or a sufficient number of its members—showed so plainly

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what it thought of the scheme that it was incontinently dropped, with the explanation that it had been put forward, without adequate authorization, by an administrative employee of the University, the Assistant Controller. What that gentleman had in view was indicated in his statement that the information was desired "as a basis for pro-rating salaries to the various classified functions"; and it was plain that the answering of the great network of questions concerning the exact disposition of each professor's time was intended to be a regularly recurring performance, exacted of the faculty at such intervals as the managing powers might deem desirable for their purposes.

The Wisconsin inquiry, we hasten to say, is, on its face at least, of a very different character. There is no indication that it is designed to serve as a basis of action in regard to individual professors; neither does it carry any intimation of being intended as a regular feature of university government. Its aim appears to be to gather together, and analyze, and tabulate data of a great many kinds bearing on the working of the university, for the purpose of introducing such changes of a general nature as a study of these data may show to be desirable. Many of the questions are not of the "time-card" variety at all. Thus one set of questions asks the professor what suggestions he has "for improving the preliminary preparation" of students planning to enter his classes, and makes other inquiries of a similar character. On another page we find the professor requested to "state specifically what needed equipment or supplies are so deficient as to handicap you in your teaching." To questions like these there can surely be no objection; and the same thing may be said of a number of the other questions.

Nevertheless, there is enough in the questionnaire to warrant the gravest suspicion that we are to have in this Wisconsin move one more of those wrong-headed and deplorable applications of the "efficiency" idea which have in recent years been threatening our universities from one quarter or another. There is much reason to fear that the time-card part of the inquiry will be held, by the State authorities to whom the report will be made, to be quite as important as any other part. The idea of management looms large in the whole thing. "Supervision of Your Class Room or Seminary Work" is one of the main heads; under it the professor is asked to state "about how often" his work has been observed:

(1.) By the chairman of your department.
(2.) By other members of your department.
(3.) By representatives of the State Department of Public Instruction.
(4.) By representatives of the Board of Visitors.
(5.) By others (please indicate who).
(6.) By regents.

Similar questions are asked concerning the number of personal interviews regarding his courses the faculty member has had with the president, with the chairman of his department, etc. And then of course there are the questions about the number of hours per week spent in the various lines of university work.

In all this there lies a danger more serious than the obvious one of encouraging the notion that the value of a university professor's work may be measured by mechanical tests. The men who make the greatness of a university will be unspeakably repelled by this whole apparatus of observation, and inspection, and tabulation. What is it that draws to a university career men of high spirit and of rare intellectual gifts? The material rewards in it are small. The one thing in which that career offers attractions not to be found in most other callings is the opportunity for the free play of one's individuality. The mere thought of being obliged to keep tab on his intercourse with his students and his colleagues, the mere idea that his work is to be not what his personality makes it but what some chairman or supervisor may find to his liking, would be enough to take the zest out of the life. What has made the universities of Europe illustrious is the independence of the professors. It is not more management, but less management, that is wanted in our universities; where we fall short is in the dignity of the professorate, and the intellectual power and personal inspiration which are attracted into it by that dignity. To press for more mechanical efficiency means to squeeze out that in which we are already deficient, and increase the mere quantity of that in which we are, by comparison, amply supplied.

Foreign Correspondence

THE EFFECT OF MILITANCY ON SUFFRAGE—THE GROWING HOSTILITY OF PUBLIC OPINION.

LONDON, May 29.

It is admitted that the suffrage question in England is more prominent to-day than it was five or ten years ago. Therefore, say some of its more ardent supporters, the cause must be nearer victory. Suffragists who do not share this invincible optimism yet derive much encouragement from other evidence of progress. They take, for instance, the attitude of the political parties. The House of Lords is generally regarded as typical of Conservative opinion, but a few weeks ago in that chamber Lord Selborne's Women's Enfranchisement bill was thrown out on second reading by a majority of only 44.

Turning to the Liberal party, we find that the movement is supported by several of the most influential organs of Liberalism in the daily and weekly press, Further, the refusal of the Women's Liberal Federation to make suffragism a test of Liberalism has been followed by the formation of a new society, the Liberal Women's Suffrage Union, whose members pledge themselves to assist no Liberal candidate who is not a suffragist.

Again, the party that during the last few years has manifestly been making the greatest advances at the polls is the Labor party, and that party has definitely adopted woman suffrage as one of the planks in its platform. The policy is also being pursued, with no little success, of winning over women's societies that were originally organized for purposes outside of politics. The capture of the Women Workers' Union by the suffragists is a case in point. In the Lords' debate the other day the Earl of Lytton went so far as to say that wherever women were organized for trade, profession, or occupation, their organizations had expressed an opinion in favor of woman suffrage.

A careful political meteorologist, however, will hesitate to accept these observations as above criticism. To take the last point first, the capture of the women's organizations has not been effected without vehement opposition, followed in some cases by considerable and influential secessions. Then, the endorsement of the movement by trade and professional bodies of women says nothing as to the views of women who are not in receipt of salaries or wages. Besides, the real problem of the suffragists is not to persuade women, but to persuade men, for if a woman-suffrage enactment is ever carried it will have to be that much-despised product, which according to Mrs. Pankhurst has no binding force—a man-made law.

So the only weather reports that amount to much are those registered in Parliament, where the suffrage cause has to face the really decisive tests. The recent House of Lords vote was a very poor basis for optimism. The bill was lost by a vote of nearly two to one—104 against 60—in a thin house. Nearly 400 peers make their appearance when

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there is a Home Rule bill to be voted on, and if Lord Selborne's bill had been taken seriously it would have been easy to double or treble the majority against it. As to the situation in the Commons, the estimate made last October by Mr. Lloyd George—one of the strongest and most earnest of suffragists—is even more conspicuously correct to-day. "In a Parliamentary sense," he said, "the movement has gone back. In 1906 there was a huge majority in Parliament for it. In the last two sessions we have been beaten." And Parliament, he told his hearers, who were members of a suffragist deputation, had thrown the Suffrage bill out more on its merits than they would imagine.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not given to emphasizing the dark side of the causes he supports. But, in the speech to which reference was made above, he warned his fellow-suffragists that Parliament represented the mood of the nation. In every part of the country what was formerly indifference had been turned into hostility. The explanation of this change was "militancy." The Chancellor reminded his audience that no big proposal can be got through Parliament merely through the energy of enthusiasts. "You carry these things through, not merely with the assistance of the people who are thoroughly convinced, but with the aid of the people who merely assent." The harm that "militancy" had done was by turning this mass of possible assent into actual hostility.

At the time, at any rate, Mr. Lloyd George regarded the discouraging features of the movement as mere passing clouds, and many other prominent suffragists share his conviction that their cause is suffering from no more than a momentary setback. They regard the change in popular feeling as simply a fit of natural irritation, which hinders the exercise of a calm judgment, and which will pass away as soon as people begin to understand that the terrorist outrages are really irrelevant.

But are they irrelevant? That assumption begs the whole question at issue. They would be irrelevant, certainly, if these violent actions were the work of only an insignificant minority, and if they had no connection with the merits or demerits of the suffrage proposal.

But those whose indifference to woman suffrage—or, in some instances, support of it—has been turned by the events of the last few years into definite hostility, hold that in the present case these two conditions do not apply. As regards the first of them, they point out—and they can quote Lord Lytton's recent speech in evidence—that the terrorists' society is one of the strongest, wealthiest, and most active of suffragist organizations; and that those suffragists who confine their own propaganda to constitutional methods at the same time palliate, if they do not applaud, the violent courses of the extreme section. That is to say, the suffragist movement in England to-day is, as a whole, as truly a terrorist movement as Russian nihilism, one part by active coöperation and the other part by the reinforcement of its sympathy.

These reluctant converts to the "anti" position say, further, that the character of the suffrage propaganda has a close and vital bearing upon the suffrage question in itself. They call attention to the fact that the worst of these outrages, striking at the very basis of civilized society, have been committed and approved by women of education and culture. These incidents, as well as the persistent attacks of many suffragists upon the best friends of their cause, have led them to the conviction that women, as a sex, are unfitted for political responsibilities, and that their admission to the franchise would mean the complication of national problems by the addition of a factor whose operation would be illogical, incalculable, and highly mischievous.

H. W. H.

THE NEW FRENCH CHAMBER—SOCIALIST GAINS—THE POSSIBILITY OF REACTION.

PARIS, May 30.

In the new French Chamber, 409 Deputies have been reëlected from the old—and no political change is to be foreseen so far as they are concerned. It is the 193 new members of Parliament whose actions and combinations have to be watched. It has already been trumpeted to the world—and it ought to have been expected—that Unified Socialists, that is, those who are under party discipline and follow their leader as one man, hold 102 seats in the new Parliament, as against 61 in the old. But this by no means indicates the total strength of bona-fide Socialism in the new Parliament. The four Deputies who have been elected, like Briand, as Independent Socialists, may not count for much practical Socialism, on account of their political interests. But there are twenty-two Deputies who have frankly thrown overboard old party names and have been elected as "Republican Socialists." It is better to translate their name in this way rather than more faithfully to grammar—Socialist Republicans.

For the same reason, from M. Clemenceau's first invention of the party name twenty-five years ago, I have translated "Radical Socialists" rather than Socialist Radicals, like the London *Times*. He explained that he was not a Collectivist Socialist; but the political lot of those who have adopted his name has been more and more cast in with that of Socialists pure and simple. Now, in this new Parliament, these Radical Socialists, with the lately invented Unified Radicals who have promised to obey the same party discipline, number 192 Deputies. Even with wavering and defections among such Radicals when obliged to accept or refuse frankly Socialist legislation, there will be at all times more than 300 Deputies who have set out on the march towards the Socialist land of Canaan.

The reason why Socialism has so profited by the elections is not far to seek. It has always been so at every turning of the republic. Since Jules Guesde first organized French Socialists into a political party and brought sixteen Socialist Deputies into Parliament in 1893, their numbers have gone up by just such leaps and bounds in periods of uncertainty and agitation. Thus, the Dreyfus affair brought them to fifty, and now they pass the hundred. Each time, they take their chief increase from the Radicals, who have again lost more heavily to Socialists than the other parties have done.

A more curious phenomenon is that, each time, extreme Conservative voters help to elect Socialists in preference to Radicals. Such a coalition has just defeated Claude Casimir-Perier, the son of the ex-President, and has elected an extreme Unified Socialist. Cardinal de Cabrières, one of the pronounced Royalist bishops, denied that he had anything to do with the electioneering; but the fact remains. A reason commonly assigned is that Catholics imagine that the sooner society goes to the bow-wows, the sooner a reaction will come like that which brought the first and the third Napoleon into power—and so they go in for the "worst" Republicans. This is certainly not the sole reason. Socialists, although they make a religion of their theories, are often very conciliatory in practice, whereas French Radicalism has been from the beginning a counter-religion. As M. Viviani expresses it, the work of the republic has been "to put out the lights of heaven."

A natural question to ask is: How far do the elections express the will of the majority of French voters; that is, of adult male citizens? Jaurès, who is fair-minded as well as ardent in his Socialist leading, acknowledges that full 25 per cent. of the registered voters abstained from voting at the late elections. Such citizens have evidently no will, and their opinions ought not to count. Indifferent or discouraged, they certainly do not belong to such revolutionary layers of society as the Socialists. For that matter, only sixty-one Deputies were elected by an absolute majority, that is, by half plus one or more of the registered voters of their district. Of these, only four were Radical Socialists, and there was no Socialist among them. In other words, in such constituencies, Conservatives must have managed to unite and put forward their whole strength.

The relative defeat of Radicals and Socialists in Paris may mean that reaction is coming in the country at large—since Paris usually leads by some years—or simply that Paris is bored by Radical talk and wants a change. The Nationalist spirit has long been powerful in Paris and counterbalances Socialism in off years.

At any rate, nine-tenths of the Deputies in the coming Parliament have been elected by a minority of the voters of their districts. In the second turn, when no absolute majority of actual votes was cast at the first, a mere plurality is sufficient. Now very many of the Deputies successful at this second turn were elected by only one-third, or even one-fourth, of the registered voters.

Perhaps those accustomed only to the strict party divisions of American elections will best understand the popular movement in France by the votes cast according to the main question which is uppermost. Deputies who had expressly promised to uphold the three years'

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military service as it now is, and as it is thought to be necessary against the German danger, received 4,644,286 votes; and others who promised to modify it only in non-essential points had 612,767 more. On the contrary, Deputies who professed the strict Socialist and Radical Socialist policy of reducing military service to two years received only 2,936,044 votes—and only 133,712 votes went to those who refused to commit themselves. Altogether, 417 Deputies—a majority which should be safe—are pledged to the three years' service—and on this rock Socialists and Radicals may split, unless Jaurès lets well enough alone, as he is quite capable of doing. S. D.

Polo.

THE GAME OF KINGS.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes.
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!
—Rubaiyat.

I.

A hundred years ago, Sir William Ouseley, our first chronicler of polo, saw it on his Persian travels. Quoting Pietro della Valle, who covered the same ground, he says: "It was a favorite recreation of kings and chiefs, and originally, I believe, considered as almost peculiar to illustrious personages." The Italian in 1618 had found polo under the patronage of Shah Abbas. Another traveller, Sir Anthony Shirley, found a well-kept *meidan* (field) outside Ispahan; still another calls it "the game of canes." Chardin's Persian notes describe polo as a popular amusement, with thirty or forty participants; but the usual number, four or five players to a side, was then in vogue.

Chugan (mallet), as the Persians called polo, flourished under their Sassanid kings, under the Byzantine emperors at Constantinople, and under the invading dynasties that ruled India and introduced the game. At the court of Akbar it helped in the training of cavalry officers. From India it has spread throughout the world; in ancient times through Tibet into China and Japan; in modern times, adopted by the English, through the Western world. In Tibet polo lingered in a somewhat primitive form, and it was from the adjacent region, Manipur and Gilgit, that English tea- and indigo-planters first had knowledge of the game. The Tibetan *pulu* (ball) was the derivative Anglo-Indians used for the modern name. Since then Australia, South America, Egypt, South Africa, and the Philippines are among the countries familiar with what, in the twelfth century, the Greek Emperor Manuel Comnemus and his Byzantine princes played as Τζυκανιστήριον, which retains the original Persian name, suggesting definite rules and a regular field for play.

But it is to the Persian Homer, Firdousi (940-1020), and his immortal epic, the "Shahnama" ("Book of Kings") that we turn for glowing description, as well as for the first record of an international match. In 600 B. C. the exiled Prince Seavish, with seven Iranians, amazed Afrasiab, King of Turan, with whom he took refuge, by the ease with which they defeated his Turkish team. Firdousi lingers over the feats of the Persian players with the pen of a true lover of the game. In his epic we also learn that *chugan* was fit training for princes. Shapur was provided with tutors by his mother:

But by his rapid progress he outstripped
them;
At seven years old he went upon the
ground
To learn the art of war, and play at polo.

Likewise of Bahram, "that great Hunter" of the "Rubaiyat," we learn from Firdousi:

When he was eighteen
The valiant warrior was like the sun,
He needed not archmages to instruct him
In erudition, how to play at polo—

The "Shahnama" also states that Gushtasp (Hydaspes) was expert at polo; his clouts caused the ball "to vanish among the clouds." Besides these references, the "Shahnama" contains a delightful episode of recognition. Shapur was born during his mother's term of disfavor, and hearing that he has an heir, King Ardashir (226-241) commands a polo match, and from a number of well-favored youths recognizes his son by the daring and brilliancy of his play. Ouseley thinks he saw this incident of Shapur's recognition in a ruined sculpture near Persepolis. Nizami, another Persian poet, records a game played by the Amazons of his time. The beautiful Shirin, dear to Persian romance, played with her handmaidens against a team composed of the king and his courtiers.

After the tradition of great Iranian poetry passed, the succeeding fiction and verse found polo a romantic theme. In our most popular example, the "Rubaiyat," Omar Khayyam has definite reference to the game of kings in the quatrain quoted above. The poloist cannot miss the happiness of Fitz-Gerald's references to the "throw-in" by the referee, whose duties to-day are unchanged; to the field, which in India to-day retains the Persian name *meidan*, and is innocent of "boards" (and the "board-play" useful in crises to Mr. Whitney's team a year ago, and first introduced at Hurlingham in 1879); or to the fine sense of power and direction that makes perfect near- and off-side hitting. Skill in address to the ball was the Persian ideal, and Omar liked the symbol of a well-controlled ball. Anciently all things were equal in horseflesh: but since the pony has attained his modern price and importance, any player, backed up by Kipling's "Maltese Cat," will tell you that the pony *is* the game—though golf, cricket, and hockey are its offspring, and the Irish sport of hurling, an equestrian descendant. Polo demands of its patrons a high standard of horsemanship only rivalled by pigsticking. The ancient poets, however, ignored the pony's merits for the stick-work of the rider.

How the game was popularized in ancient times is uncertain, beyond the fact that *chugan* has been played in various forms in various countries. Probably hard-riding ambassadors were its chief missionaries; and Castiglione, had he known, would have prescribed polo for his courtier. Ouseley quotes Robert's "Cambrian Popular Antiquities" as the source for an Elizabethan MS. describing *knappen*, a game played in Pembrokeshire with several hundred on a side, mounted and foot, armed with cudgels 3½ feet long. Sir Thomas Roe must have seen polo at Agra, in 1618, during his embassy to the Court of the Great Mogul, Jahangir. Although rules always obtained, it is certain that exigencies of temperament and place wrought many variations. It was Shah Bahram who found a player wearing a coat of mail under his polo shirt, and promptly slew him.

Accounts handed down vary as to the number of players and their positions. There was a "back" or "goal-keep," whose duties, owing to the fast, open game, were flexible, if not so aggressive as those developed by Mr. Devereux Milburn. The ball was of sorts and to taste: of light wood or stuffed leather, varying from one in the Persian game to many in the Byzantine and Japanese. Many varieties of mallets were popular. Ouseley saw in a Persian illuminated MS., about 300 years old, three different shapes. Usually semi-circular and straight, transverse heads prevailed. Of rules "off-side" doubtless existed, and it is more than likely that the modern Anglo-Indian and American rules obtained. As the "Rubaiyat" suggests, the referee began play by "throwing-in"; also, as in the early Anglo-Indian game, the ball may have been placed mid-field, and both sides charged for possession, or the captains crossed sticks, as in hockey. Nearly all Persian illuminations show solid goal-posts, though an elaborate dribbling game, to test the rider's possession of the ball, was an early favorite. At least it was good practice, and applied in a goal-game, must have made passing and close-combination almost a science, which, in the commodious field 170 by 300 yards, ideal for a fast, galloping contest, must have provided an inspiring sight. W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

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Awakening of India

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INDIAN THOUGHT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF WESTERN IDEAS.

Matthew Arnold's well-known lines about the East watching the legions thunder past and then plunging into thought again rather understate the truth. Yet even India experiences some changes in philosophical interest; and our time is witnessing, in the East as well as in the West, a quickening and re-directing of thought which may make future generations regard it as epochal. This re-direction of thought in the East is of course chiefly due to the influence of Western science and philosophy and Western literary criticism, for though the West and the East have been in contact these many centuries, the philosophers of the Orient are only now beginning to realize that the West has anything to teach them beyond the merely practical and political. In fact, the great majority of the pundits even to-day continue to teach the Vedas and the Shastras in the way they learned them from their gurus, as the last word on all subjects really worth knowing. But the stimulus of Western thought has been felt by all the less orthodox thinkers not only of Hinduism but of the other religions of India as well.

I.

Thus the Parsees—those most "up-to-date" of Indians—feel bound as a matter of course to show that their religion is in thorough accord with "the best of modern thought." And the new formulation of Zoroastrianism resulting (at least so some of us will think) is not altogether an improvement on the antiquated ideas of the Founder. The fact seems to be that the Parsees who have read Western philosophical works are becoming very sensitive over the accusation of being dualists (what indeed could be worse?), and consequently are making over Ahura Mazda into a very proper and modern All-One, such as Zarathustra would certainly quite fail to recognize. But what of that?—for the Parsees tell us that "men of science like Huxley, philosophers like Herbert Spencer, and poets like Tennyson, might all subscribe" to this religion of theirs, "to which the best modern thought is fast approximating."* In these days Herbert Spencer is a better name to conjure with than Zarathustra, and a religion which would be "up to date" must surely be "monistic." Fortunately, however, this modernization of Zoroastrian theology has not gone much farther than the theologians, and the influence of the West upon this ancient religion, in all respects but this, has certainly been for good. It is especially to be noted in the present movement among the Parsees for the systematic education of their children in the religion of their fathers—a movement which is resulting not only in benefit to the children, but in benefit to the religion as well. For the deliberate attempt which the Parsees are making to teach their religion is naturally leading them to rationalize and purify it.

Islam, of course, secure in the purity of the Koran and its teachings, will submit to no such influence from the modern West. The movements within it are mostly self-originated, and some of them, in fact, seem curiously remote from Europe and the twentieth century. Yet Western ideas and especially missionary attack have not been without their influence on the popular theology of the Moslems. Particularly noticeable is this in connection with the views commonly maintained concerning God and man's relation to Him. I have questioned many Mohammedans on these points and find a very general insistence that God is pure spirit and has no body, and that man is free and in sinning acts against the will of God. In vain have I cited the creed of Al Ashari to the contrary: most of them have never heard of him, and they all insist that on these points my quotations from the great authority do not represent the creed of Indian Islam. And in this I find them borne out by that aggressive Mohammedan review, *Muslim India*.

For it should be understood that Islam is becoming aggressive. Not only is it arming with what intellectual weapons it can find against the attacks of Christian missionaries; it is seeking to carry the war into Africa—that is, into London, where its one professional and salaried missionary resides; and it has recently scored its first marked success, in the public conversion of Lord Headley to the "true faith"—a success which is acclaimed with great enthusiasm all over Moslem India.

II.

The renewed interest in religious thought and the general awakening of Indian self-consciousness have also had their effect upon that small but ancient religious body known as the Jains. For centuries most of the Jain scriptures have been hidden away in monasteries, guarded by conservative monks who, themselves too ignorant to read them, would allow no one else to try. As a result the laity, constantly losing in numbers to other religions have been sadly ignorant of the faith which they professed. Within the last eight years, however, a new movement has been set on foot, and many rich and generous Jains are now persuaded to turn some of the money they have been accustomed to spend upon jewels for the images in their temples to more practical purposes; and as a result a number of schools have been founded and a systematic effort is making for the discovery, publication, and translation of their sacred and ancient texts. Several Jain periodicals have also been started, a Young Men's Jain Association founded, and considerable progress has been made towards uniting the two divisions into which Jainism has for so many centuries been divided, the Digambaras and Sventaamaras. At the end of December last year an enthusiastic convention was held in Benares in which both schools joined, and in which a great deal of enthusiasm for the spread of Jain doctrine was exhibited. Reports were read and learned lectures given; but most of the speeches were of a hortatory nature, and the convention had somewhat the air of a protracted revival meeting. One of the most enthusiastic speakers, a recent convert from Hinduism, declared, amid deafening applause, that, just as there should be but one language in the world, and that the Sanskrit, so there should be but one religion, and that the Jain, for Jainism included all that was best in all other religions. At the end of the convention several large gifts for educational purposes were announced, and plans were begun for building a Jain temple and rest house in the United States.

III.

But the great thinkers of India are to be found to-day (as has almost always been the case) within the fold of Hinduism. And they, too, are feeling a new stimulus to thought as a result of Western influence. In Macaulay's time it looked as if European influence might eventually have the effect of lessening the value of the Veda in the eyes of the Indians; but the advent of Max Müller and the Sanskritists marked a new era in the appreciation of the Sacred Books of the East, and not only opened the eyes of us Westerners to their value, but kindled a new and almost fierce Veda-worship in the hearts of many an Indian. The result of this is a series of new battles by the modern pundits—Indian, English, German—on the old battlefields; and questions which to most Americans would seem absurdly remote, or at least very dead, are matters of hot daily discussion in many a study, lecture room, and monastery throughout India. What is the real teaching of the Upanishads: are they monistic or pluralistic, pantheistic or theistic—in fact, have they any one teaching at all? And the Bhagavad Gita, does it teach pantheism or theism, or both: and if both, which was the original doctrine and which interpolated? Most important of all, which is the true Vedanta? Can the monism

*Quoted with approval by Mr. Jivanji Jamshedji Modi from Samuel Long.

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and illusionism of Shankara be justified either by reference to the Upanishads and Brahma Sutras or by philosophical argument? The battle is still raging and is likely to continue to rage for many a year.

One may perhaps discover a slight but growing tendency away from the extreme monism of Shankara, which up till now in northern India (and in one sense in Europe and America as well) has had no rival. Many European scholars and some of the less hide-bound of the pundits are beginning to insist that the Upanishads are far less in unison—far less monistic and idealistic—than was supposed only a few years ago. While this is true, however, it must be said that the followers of Shankara and his monism and illusionism still easily hold the field in northern India. I have talked with Sannyasis in their monasteries here in Benares, and they all insist upon the illusion doctrine—some merely because "it is written" in Shankara's Commentary, some for various philosophical reasons. There are, we are told, three kinds of reality: (1) Genuine reality which is Brahman alone, the undivided Self, the Subject without Object; (2) "practical reality," such as the material world; (3) "imagined reality"—pure illusion—such as the rope which one takes for a snake. Now "practical reality," we are assured, is really quite as imaginary and illusory as the third kind; and just as we get rid of the latter by greater insight, so we may correct and get rid of "practical reality"—the material world, the multiplicity of finite selves, the variety of human experience and of the changing and temporal, till only the knowing self remains which is identical with Brahman. But why, you ask, does this "practical," material, finite world seem to be here at all?—Ah, the Sannyasi will answer, that is mere illusion.—But whence the illusion?—Our ignorance.—And our ignorance?—Once more, illusion.

A more serious attempt at a genuine answer to the puzzle is made by the philosopher Bhagwan Das, who in his "Science of Peace" has endeavored to express the Vedanta of Shankara in terms of European thought, and to bring it into line with Hegel and especially with Fichte. The idealistic point of view being taken for granted, the objective world is made to depend upon the One Knower. The consciousness of this One Spirit consists in recognizing the illusion of the phenomenal world which it posits. With it, positing and negating form one simultaneous and timeless act. This is expressed by the logion, "I am not the not-I" or "I-this-not,"—the not-I, in other words, is posited only to be at the same time opposed and negated. Thus the One and the Many, the Changeless and the Changing are united and reconciled. But why does the One thus posit and deny at all? To this there is no answer.

IV.

Besides rekindling the interest of the Indians in their own literature, the West has had a more direct influence on the thought of the East through the introduction of the concepts of modern science. These the more advanced of the Indian thinkers have seized upon and have tried to unite with the teachings of the Veda. The result has been at times a bit fantastic, for the Indian as a rule cannot admit that the concepts of the Veda should be in any way modified; hence his method of mixture is to read modern science and Western ideas of morality and social order into the Veda. The times of the Rishis, we are assured, formed the Golden Age, and all the admitted evils of modern Indian society are due to degeneration and relapse from those perfect days. With few exceptions, the Indian scholars of to-day are as lacking in historical sense and critical skill as their predecessors were before them, and their idealization of the Indian Past is as untrustworthy as it is beautiful. The extreme limit of this sort of thing is reached by the Arya Somaj, whose attitude forms a most interesting psychological study. The members of the Somaj—if I may judge by those whom I have met—are men of learning, ability, and liberal ideas; and yet they insist that the four Vedas are literally and infallibly inspired, and that there is not a line in one of them—not even in the Atharva—that is mistaken or superstitious or primitive. There are no magic formulas in the Atharva nor any hint of polytheism in the Rik. And in fact all the discoveries and inventions of modern science were well known in Vedic times and are plainly referred to in the Hymns!

But the most systematic effort to unite ancient thought with "modern science" is due to Theosophy. Says Mrs. Besant in her "Defense of Hinduism": "In the great conflict between Science and Religion which has been waged in Europe since the sixteenth century, Religion had been steadily losing ground until the great spiritual impulse called Theosophy filled the hands of Religion with forgotten truths, and opened the eyes of Science to new realms awaiting conquest."

Yet the "modern science" which Theosophy has brought into India and injected into Hinduism, is of a sort that every reputable scientist would repudiate. And it would be difficult to assess the harm that Theosophy has done to Hinduism and the set-back it has given to the cause of real enlightenment, by teaching the Hindus to identify science with occultism. An ineradicable hankering after the occult has been the bane of Theosophy ever since its birth. One would have supposed that Richard Hodgeson's exposure of Mme. Blavatsky's tricks would have been enough to sicken the theosophists of that sort of thing, but it really had but little influence upon them. Mrs. Besant is no trickster, but she has the same longing for the superphysical that distinguished her predecessor. She is ambitious of developing telepathic powers, and in fact has become an adept (so one of her former admirers informs me) in reading the thoughts of the people in Mars. Very wisely she confines her efforts to Mars, and specializes only in long-distance telepathy. In her address at the recent Jain convention in Benares I heard Mrs. Besant state quite soberly that Manu was the father of the race: and of course she bolted all twenty-four of the Jain Tirthakaras as historical personages. The next day, at the annual meeting of the Theosophical Society she declared (with great solemnity and amid loud applause) that the Veda was eternal; that the Upanishads were brought into India by the "Toltecs" from the sunken continent of Atlantis at the time when India was raised from the bed of the ocean; and that she knew this because "occult research" had "recovered" a large part of "the ancient Toltec literature."

The influence of Theosophy upon Hinduism had a steady growth up to about a year or two ago, since when it has been suffering a rather rapid and very noticeable decline. This is due to more causes than one, but chiefly to the attempt of Mrs. Besant to force upon Hinduism a Messiah in the form of the rather common-place native boy whose father had entrusted him to her charge, and whom she had sent to England for education. Her surprising revelation that this young gentleman was the latest incarnation of the Deity carried occultism too far for even the much-believing Hindu.

V.

With this source of false science removed there is more hope for the normal development of Indian thought under the influence of Western ideas. What the outcome will be, however, it would be hazardous to predict. Indian philosophy and European science both contain much of eternal value; but just how the two can be united is a question that only the future can answer. Whatever that answer may turn out to be, however, the critical state of Indian thought to-day presents a spectacle of absorbing interest. And the answer, when it comes, will not only have its influence upon India, but will have a bearing of considerable importance upon the Philosophy and the Religion of Europe and America as well.

JAMES BISSETT PRATT.

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Books and Men

THE MISAPPROPRIATION OF AUTHORS—A BEQUEST TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Almost coincident with the publication of dispatches in the London *Times* on "The Americanization of Canada," appears "The Year-Book of Canadian Art" (London: Dent), compiled by the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto.

The reason for speaking of the two facts together will appear in a moment. For the present, let it be said that "The Year-Book of Canadian Art" is a pleasing and highly creditable volume, put forward, as one of those who are interested in it writes, to indicate that the Dominion's productions are not confined to wheat and cattle. The literature, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture of Canada are described by a score of writers. Andrew MacPhail writes of Stephen Leacock, Léon Lorrain of French-Canadian literature, George H. Locke contributes a chapter on Goldwin Smith and Sir George W. Ross, while Canadian poetry and fiction are dealt with by Newton MacTavish and Marjory MacMurchy, respectively.

The plaint about Americanization in the *Times* finds a counterpart in this book. For instance, in a chapter devoted to musical composition appears this: "The people of the United States are apt at recognizing meritorious work done by those who happen to sojourn in that country. . . . They no sooner recognize the superior craft or art of a foreign sojourner than they appropriate it, label it 'American,' and exploit it as a strictly 'American' product."

This is a perfectly natural feeling of resentment, and Americans who have seen so many of their artists and authors appropriated in just this fashion by England ought to sympathize with it. The "appropriation" is sometimes innocent enough. Perhaps many an English admirer of Whistler, and of Mr. Henry James, and Mr. John S. Sargent sincerely believes them to be Englishmen. Surely, a great many of Mr. Bliss Carman's readers are quite unaware that he is not a native of the United States—they are not really trying to steal him.

It is, however, ironical that "The Year-Book of Canadian Art" should begin with an essay on Stephen Leacock. For if there is a humorist the spirit of whose writings is entirely American, Professor Leacock is the man. No Americans will need to "appropriate" him—he has Americanized himself completely in his books. His English birth and Canadian residence must be discovered from external evidence.

Compare, for instance, his volume of parodies, "Nonsense Novels," with Max Beerbohm's "A Christmas Garland." The first is immensely funny, hilarious, in fact, and might have been written in Chicago. "A Christmas Garland" is also funny, but super-subtle. It is a higher form of parody, without doubt, but a far less amusing book than Professor Leacock's.

An extreme Anglomaniac of my acquaintance absolutely refused to see anything good in "Nonsense Novels." He listened to the sketches with a face like Buddha. Then somebody informed him of the author's English antecedents—whereupon he has continued ever since in a state of mirth at everything Mr. Leacock writes.

For his book "In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout" (Lippincott) Reginald Blunt had a mass of curious and interesting material. A district which has been the home of Sir Thomas More, of Henry VIII, of "the wicked Dukes of Buckingham," of Steele and Swift and Sir Hans Sloane, and then of Turner, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Whistler—to say nothing of Thomas Carlyle—is rich in opportunities for a writer like Mr. Blunt. He is quick to see the odd and bizarre no less than the charming aspects of the place, and his book is the better for dwelling on Don Saltero's Coffee House, on Dr. Dominiceti's Baths, and on the "Physick Garden," as much if not more than on the familiar spots, legends, and associations of this part of Chelsea.

The chapter on the Neilds is a case in point. How many know of Miser Neild, the son of James Neild, the prison reformer? Mr. Blunt pictures him, in his blue swallow-tail coat and gilt buttons, walking about the country to visit his estates, carrying a green cotton umbrella, and with all his baggage in a brown paper bundle. He lived an odd life, but most strange of all was what happened after his death. For when they opened his will—which disposed of about half a million pounds altogether—and had read his wish to be buried in the vault under Battersea Church, "as near unto the coffin of my dear father as the crowded state of the vault will readily admit," and the bequests to his executors, and the provision for the payment of his trifling debts, they came upon a clause which insured him celebrity for many years thereafter. This was it: "I give, devise, and bequeath all real and all personal estate which I may be entitled to either at law or in equity at the time of my death unto Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs, executors, and assigns for her sole use and benefit, and I pray her Majesty to be most Graciously pleased to accept the same."

The Queen was pleased, and did accept it, and paid for a stained glass window to Mr. Neild's memory into the bargain.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

WILLIAM PITTIS: THE DIFFICULTIES OF A PAMPHLETEER AND BIOGRAPHER.

I.

In the course of my work upon Defoe I have frequently crossed the trail of a certain William Pittis—the name is also found as "Pettis" and "Pettus"—who has aroused my interest, and about whom I have gathered information which seems in the main not to have been published hitherto. This I wish to give here in some detail, and I shall be indebted to any student of bibliography who will correct or supplement it.

Pittis is the subject of a short article by Miss C. Fell Smith in the Dictionary of National Biography—under his father, Thomas Pittis (1636-87), a clergyman of the Church of England—and he figures in Foster's "Alumni Oxonienses" and in the catalogues of the British Museum and other libraries. From these sources we learn that he was born at Southampton in 1674; that he entered Winchester School in 1687—Miss Fell Smith quotes Kirby's "Winchester Scholars," p. 208—that he matriculated at New College, Oxford, on August 14, 1690, at the age of sixteen; that he was fellow of his college from 1692 to 1695, graduating B.A., 1694; and that he was afterwards a member of the Inner Temple. In 1699 he addressed to Dryden an epistolary poem on the death of James, Earl of Abingdon, and the manuscript of an elegy upon Sir Cloudesley Shovel (1708) is preserved in the British Museum (Addit. MSS. 23904, f. 516). On April 25, 1706—so Hearne, not April 27, as Miss Fell Smith has it—he was sentenced by the Court of Queen's Bench to stand in the pillory and to pay a fine of 100 marks for writing "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial Fairly Stated"—not the "Memorial" itself, as Miss Fell Smith erroneously says, or any "Vindication" of that famous pamphlet, as might be inferred from Hearne's language with regard to the affair (cf. Hearne, Collections, ed. Doble I, 235-6). Nearly eight years later—December 3, 1714—he was committed to bail as the author of a tract entitled "Reasons against a War with France."

Meanwhile he had compiled, besides a tract to be mentioned later, three volumes of Parliamentary history, to wit: "The History of the Present Parliament and Convocation" (July 11, 1711—cf. the *Daily Courant*); "The History of the Proceedings of the Second Session of Parliament" (1712?), and "The History of the Third Session of the Last Parliament" (1713?). In 1715 he wrote "Memoirs of the Life of John Radcliffe, M.D.," which reached a third edition the next year, and a fourth in 1736. The authenticity of the letters printed in this book was questioned by William Singleton, Radcliffe's servant, but Pittis defended their genuineness (cf. G. A. Aitken, art. Radcliffe in the Dictionary of National Biography). From the publication of these "Memoirs" to the death of the author in November, 1724, at his chambers in the Inner Temple over the Crown Office, nothing of importance with regard

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to Pittis's career seems to have been learned by the few students who have investigated the subject. My notes enable me to add the following particulars:

The catalogue of the Earl of Crawford's library shows that in 1696, the year after he seems to have given up or lost his fellowship, Pittis published "An Epistolary Poem to N. Tate—Occasioned by the taking of Namur" (London, R. Baldwin, fol. 7 pp. + 1 p.). Three years later he addressed to Dryden the "Epistolary Poem" already mentioned (London, H. Walwyn, fol. 3 ll. + 9 pp.). Under date of October 20, 1705, Hearne wrote that "Sr William Pittett" was in custody "for Writing ye Pamphlett call'd *The Bonefire* Weh reflects on ye Burning of *The Memorial*" (Collections, ed. Doble, I, 57). In the index to Hearne this "Sr William Pittett" is entered as "Pittis, T.," who figures also on pp. 235-237, and is no other than our William Pittis, punished "for Writing the Vindication of ye Memorial of ye Church of England." Near this entry Hearne wrote: "Mr. Pittis, who is prosecuted for writing in Vindication of ye Memorial was, I think, Fellow of New College, and has some Poëms in print." Hearne's gossip was sometimes unfounded, but in this instance, although it is certain that Pittis's main trouble was caused by his "Case of the Church of England's Memorial Fairly Stated," we have the additional testimony of Luttrell to confirm the statement of Hearne that Pittis was first arrested for a pamphlet protesting against the burning of "The Memorial." Luttrell's entry (Brief Hist. Rel. v. 600), under Thurs. 11 Octob. 1705, runs, "Mr. Pettis is committed for writing a half sheet call'd Fire and Faggot, being a reflection upon burning the Memorial." I have not yet found this tract under either title, but I shall later give a quotation from Pittis himself, which tends to support the conclusion that his original arrest was caused by his writing some comparatively unimportant pamphlet.

A few months after the publication of "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial," in the summer of 1705 (cf. the *Works of the Learned* for August, vii, 502—really 512), Pittis issued, "while in Durance," on November 22, 1705 (cf. the *Daily Courant*), "A Hymn to Confinement." This was stated to be by the author of "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial," but probably such interest as it aroused was due less to the prisoner's statements about himself, or to the poetical quality of his semi-pindaric effusion, than to the fact that along with his own poem the pamphleteer published, apparently for the first time, the lines written under similar circumstances by Sir Roger L'Estrange, sometimes entitled "The Liberty of the Imprisoned Loyalist" (cf. Hannah's "Courtly Poets," 1891, p. 199, where no reference is made to this appearance of the poem). Pittis stated that L'Estrange's stanzas had been given him in manuscript by a "Person of Honour," and that it was his belief that they had never before been printed. With regard to himself, he admitted that he had made bad use of his advantages, but he claimed to be thoroughly loyal. He had defended Queen Anne while she was Princess, and he was one of the first to reply to the satire upon her Majesty and her Ministers, entitled "The Golden Age." Neither of these productions seems yet to have been identified.

The only letter of Pittis's that I have found is one written to Robert Harley, Secretary of State, either late in 1705 or before the pamphleteer's trial in April, 1706: "You told me when I was under examination before you, that, rather than my necessities should make me comply with booksellers' requests in writing what they should put me upon, you would be assistant to me yourself. I have forborne as long as possible giving your honour the trouble; but, being without friends, without money, and under a very chargeable prosecution, I must beg leave to remind you that I have kept up to the tenour of your commands in writing but one little pamphlet since, which I made bold to present you bound up in blue Turkey leather, by the penny post, and is entitled *'Two Campaigns in One Panegyrical Essay'* in honour of his Grace of Marlborough.

"I pray this implicit obedience may prevail for some consideration per bearer." (Cf. Hist. MSS. Conn. Rep. on MSS. of the Duke of Portland, viii, 200—201.)

The British Museum possesses a copy of this tract (8vo, dated 1706; E. 1980.4), the long title of which shows us that Pittis included with his own panegyric an imitation of Horace, Carm., IV, 5—the "Divis orte bonis." What "consideration" the blue Turkey binding induced Harley, who loved books, to send by the messenger we do not know, but surely it is a pathetic little glimpse we get of the fallen scholar, who yet knew how he wished the offspring of his brain to appear when it should greet the bibliophile.

Luttrell tells us laconically under April 25, 1706, that the "consideration" Pittis received from the court was a fine of 100 marks and an order that he should stand three times in the pillory. But the offending pamphlet is given—erroneously it would seem—as "the Memorial Answered Paragraph by Paragraph." Boyer is more exact (cf. "Annals of Queen Anne's Reign," V, 486). He refers to "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial Fairly Stated" and shows that only two pilloryings were ordered, one on April 26, at Charing Cross, and one on the 29th, near the Royal Exchange. Before the prisoner was discharged he must furnish security for his good behavior for two years.

After undergoing the indignities of the pillory Pittis may have turned to subjects less likely to incur the displeasure of the authorities. On December 31, 1707, the *Daily Courant* advertised as just published the "Funeral Poem" on Sir Cloudesley Shovel, "Dedicated to his Disconsolate Lady, by Will Pettis late Fellow of New College in Oxford," a copy of which, as we have seen, is among the manuscripts in the British Museum. In 1709 he dedicated to the widow of another naval hero, "Nereo. A Funeral Poem sacred to the Immortal Memory of Sir George Rooke, Kt." (London, B. Bragge, fol. 16 pp.) "It must be read, because it sings of him," declared the poet, who was no prophet. Perhaps, the statement that he was personally acquainted with Rooke was inserted by the hack-writer to show that he had known better days.

In 1710 he began the parliamentary series already mentioned with a tract, included by Miss Fell Smith, entitled "The Proceedings of Both Houses of Parliament, in the Years 1702, 1703, 1704, Upon the Bill to prevent Occasional Conformity." (London, J. Baker, 8vo, 2 ll.+ 72 pp.) The dedication is signed "W. P.," and the style and high Tory tone leave little doubt that the compilation is the work of the man who published with Baker during the next three years the volumes already named. The authorship of none of these is doubtful—indeed Pittis signed his name to the second and the third—and the characters of the persons to whom he addressed his dedications may indicate that he had not entirely lost caste. Doubtless he published between 1710 and 1714, besides these four compilations, not a few tracts, but the only ones I have been able definitely to fasten upon him are "Jus Sacrum, or, a Discourse Wherein is fully Proved and Demonstrated, that no Prince ought to be Deprived of his Natural Right on Account of Religion, etc." (London, Baker, 1712, 8vo, 44 pp.), and "Dutch Generosity, and English Gratitude, Exemplified in their Treatment of each other in Peace and War: with a Particular Account of the Entertainment the Dutch gave the Royal Family in their Exile; and how far they Contributed to the Restoration: with several secret Transactions." (London, 8vo, 48 pp.) The reasons for adding these two pamphlets to his bibliography—the first of them an extraordinarily bold plea for the Pretender—will be given later.

The next publication that we can charge to Pittis is a tract in answer to Defoe's well-known defence of his patron, Lord Oxford, "The Secret History of the White Staff." Pittis's pamphlet was entitled "The History of the Mitre and Purse, in Which the First and Second Parts of the Secret History of the White Staff are fully considered, and the Hypocrisy and Villanies of the Staff himself are laid open and Detected" (London: J. Morphew, 8vo, 72 pp.). This attack on Oxford in defence of Harcourt and Atterbury was issued on November 9, 1714 (cf. the *Post Boy*), and two other editions—perhaps only reissues with new title-pages—were advertised within a week. On November 29 (cf. the *Daily Courant*) appeared "The History of the Mitre and Purse Continued—Part II," a second edition of which (8vo, 40 pp.) was advertised on December 11 (cf. the *Post Boy*). That these two pamphlets were by Pittis was asserted by the author of a rare tract entitled "The Secret History of the Secret History of the White Staff, Purse and Mitre. Written by a Person of Honour" (London: S. Keimer, 1715, 8vo, 40 pp.). But this "Person of Honour," according to Pittis himself in "Queen Anne Vindicated," a pamphlet soon to be mentioned, was no less a worthy than Daniel Defoe, who felt that he had forfeited Oxford's favor by indiscreet revelations in the original "Secret History of the White Staff," and was trying to persuade the public that all the tracts in the controversy, his own as well as those by

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Pittis, were merely written by irresponsible hacks set on by mercenary publishers. Defoe's description of the methods employed by these scribblers and their hirers ought some day to be republished in full. Here we have barely room for a few quotations. He declared that Pittis, after acknowledging himself the author, had shown him—that is, Defoe, or, more strictly, the writer of "The Secret History of the Secret History"—part of the copy of the "Book, call'd the *Mitre* and *Purse*," in manuscript, "before the same was printed." He, Defoe, could also "prove, who employ'd the said Mr. *Pittis*, and what Hire, or Price he receiv'd for the Work." He mentioned this "with the more Plainness, because of a like Case, which has just now happen'd, and is made Publick by *Pittis* himself, and is as followeth; Mr. *Pittis* has been taken up for writing a Pamphlet, call'd *Reasons for a War with France*, which Book he has own'd, he was hir'd to write by that Conscientious Bookseller, so celebrated for his Honesty, Mr. *Edmund Curl* in *Fleet Street*, who was one of his Bail; upon which he gives out an Advertisement in several of the Newspapers, that a Book was preparing for the Press, entitled *Reasons against a War with France;* by the Author of the *Mitre* and *Purse*, which, as is said above, appears to be the same author, *viz.*, Mr. *Pittis*. This so evidently proves the Practice above of Mr. Curl, and his Associates, Writing for and against, that no Men can be so wilfully Obstinate, as not to be convinc'd" (pp. 22-24).

That it takes one turncoat hack to detect another was probably never better shown than in the relations between Defoe and Pittis at this time. "The Secret History of the Secret History" is written in Defoe's most idiosyncratic and unmistakable style; hence Pittis, who had been a fellow mercenary in Baker's employ, can have had no difficulty in recognizing his assailant. On the other hand, Defoe had no difficulty in determining who it was that in "The History of the Mitre and Purse" was hounding him and his patron, Lord Oxford. Furthermore, in the "Mitre and Purse" Pittis had completely unmasked himself, and had revealed the cause of his hostility to Oxford. We read in the first part of "The History of the Mitre and Purse" (p. 29) that the just fallen Prime Minister, after causing Dr. Drake to be apprehended for writing "The Memorial of the Church of England"—Harley was then one of the Secretaries of State—wheedled "another Person who was in Custody for a Triffling Matter, into a Confession of Writing the Case of the said *Memorial fairly Stated*, etc., and contrary to the most solemn Assurances, that such a Confession should be of no Prejudice to him, with bringing him to a Tryal at the Queen's Bench Bar, the consequences of which to his and the poor undone Gentleman's Disgrace, will appear upon Record." It may be added that it is not improbable that the "Trifling Matter" for which "the poor undone gentleman" was originally taken into custody was the pamphlet entitled "The Bonefire," of which Hearne made mention, or else the "Fire and Faggot" of Luttrell.

W. P. TRENT.

Correspondence

MR. MELLEN'S TESTIMONY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sincere thanks for your striking and instructive article on Mr. Mellen's testimony as to the financial history of the "New Haven" Railroad Company.

The late Mr. Morgan was not, apparently, a student of the science of finance, although so great a banker and of such masterly capacity in executive ways. His "iron-clad reticence" suggests, perhaps, a resort to methods of procedure of which he was not proud, certainly, but which were in vogue. But "reticence" is the natural and usual characteristic of such vast autocratic power as nature endowed him with. And as between his profound belief in unification, as distinct from segregation (with its inevitable return to the competitive principle), the writer's sympathy is assuredly with him. If the Trusts have shown themselves a menace to the community—as they surely have—yet most amply are they now supervised from Washington. And this new (and most rightful) assumption of national power should, by good right, speedily and radically modify this aggressive campaign of "segregation." The necessity for it is being obviated—the path for a really beneficent habit of vast coöperation is being made plain. Mr. Morgan, so far from seeking personal gain, would seem to the writer a master idealist in his plan for unification in New England. As contrasted with the criminal schemers of Wall Street, engaged in wrecking properties "for what there is in it," he stands on a pedestal of austere virtue.

MANNERING.

Hartford, Conn., May 31.

A REJOINDER REJOINED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the subject is one of vital concern at the present time, I venture a word of reply to the rejoinder of E. M. H. on "The Constitutional Power of the Courts," printed in the *Nation* of June 4.

As to the first paragraph in the article, I am quite willing to submit to the readers of the *Nation* whether it covers at all the point made in my article of May 14. The passages from the Constitution *are* "the basis of the argument." The argument itself is based upon a train of historical events that helps us to interpret the meaning of those passages. A few such events were mentioned in my first article and have been entirely overlooked by E. M. H. in both of his replies.

And now to come again to what E. M. H. rightly insists is "the chief point." Unfortunately he does not mention at all the statement to which I objected and which I quoted, but rather quotes another sentence that was used much earlier in his former communication and was much more guarded. To recall the real issue I quote again his statement that "nowhere at the time the Constitution was framed was there a judiciary endowed with such a power."

I now submit again that the plain meaning of this statement, especially if it is to have any bearing on the historical problem involved, is that the custom of reversing unconstitutional laws was unknown at the time the Constitution was drawn up. On the contrary, that power had been exercised in several States, as E. M. H. admits in his last letter.

Because the exercise of such a power was well known at the time the Constitution was drawn up and in the light of many other historical facts, some of them mentioned in my first letter and many more stated by the authorities cited in my second letter, most people will continue to look askance at those who would contend that our whole judicial system has been building for over a century upon the basis of a flagrant usurpation.

RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Haverford College, Pa., June 4.

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is well to remember that a Supreme Court with power to declare laws unconstitutional is not without precedent, as is pointed out by a writer in the *Nation* of May 14. It is even better to remember and to insist upon the fact that the framers and ratifiers of the Constitution intended that the Supreme Court should exercise this power.

Madison, in his notes on the Federal Convention, reports several discussions of the subject. Mercer ("Madison's Journal," Hunt ed., Vol. II, p. 73) "disapproved of the Doctrine that the Judges, as expositors of the Constitution, should have authority to declare a law void." On the same page is noted Dickinson's opposition to the idea. Elbridge Gerry (*ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 69) declared that judges would decide on the constitutionality of laws as they did in the States. James Wilson (*ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 18) stated that the courts, as expositors of the Constitution, could set aside laws. It is evident that the point was understood by the framers, and that they intended to confer the power which the Federal courts exercise.

When the instrument was referred to the States, Hamilton wrote on the subject in the *Federalist*, LXXVIII:

> The interpretation of the laws is the proper and peculiar function of the courts. A Constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges, as a fundamental law. It therefore belongs to them to ascertain its meaning as well as the meaning of any particular act proceeding from the legislative body. If there should happen to be an irreconcilable variance between the two, that which has the superior obligation and validity ought, of course, to be preferred; or, in other words, the Constitution ought to be preferred to the statute; the intention of the people to the intention of their agents.

In the Virginia convention John Marshall asserted ("Eliot's Debates," Vol. III, p. 533) that if Congress made a law "not warranted by any of the powers enumerated, it would be considered by the judges as an infringement of the Constitution which they are to guard. They would not consider such a law as coming under their jurisdiction. They would declare it void."

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James Wilson had sat in the Federal Convention, and, as we have seen, had there expressed his views on the point at issue. Now he was in the Pennsylvania Convention, leading the fight for ratification. His statement on the question is explicit (McMaster and Stone, "Pennsylvania and the Federal Constitution," p. 354):

> If a law should be made inconsistent with those powers vested by this instrument in Congress, the judges, as a consequence of their independence, and the particular powers of government being defined, will declare such law to be null and void. For the power of the Constitution predominates. Anything, therefore, that shall be enacted by Congress contrary thereto will not have the force of law.

The expressions noted were easily found in a search of less than an hour. I have no doubt that others equally convincing would reward continued investigation. These are enough to prove the point I am making. The fact itself cannot be urged too frequently or too strongly. The Federal courts did not arrogate power to themselves. "The Fathers," profiting by the experience of the colonies and of the States, purposely provided the courts with the function of annulling unconstitutional laws. The point was clearly understood—opposed and defended with vigor. So far from the power not being conferred, it was actually urged as an objectionable feature. In the State conventions, delegates with a fresh mandate from the people to ratify the instrument heard the question argued, and ratified with a full realization of what it meant. The annulling power of the courts rests upon the deliberate intention of the makers of our fundamental law.

ROBERT CARTER RANKIN.

Cambridge, Mass., May 16.

ULPHILAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Leo Wiener severely assails, in the *Nation* of May 7, what he asserts to be some present-day "philological fallacies." I am not able to judge the first one, which refers to Romance philology, but I cannot suppress my decided skepticism in regard to his second theory. Professor Wiener disagrees with the general belief that Ulphilas was the author of the Gothic Bible translation, and assigns that work to some West-Gothic translator in Southern France at the end of the eighth century. He promises all the critical apparatus in a series of volumes which he is preparing for the press, and alludes to a mass of Provençal words, and even a Spanish and an Arabic word, that he found in Gothic.

Germanic philologists will expect his publications with great interest, but, meanwhile, it must be stated that the second and third reasons that the author offers as a taste of what he has in store for us are utterly unsatisfactory. Even assuming the connection of Gothic *dulths* with Latin *indulgere, (in)dultum* to be correct, notwithstanding the difficulties that arise from the correspondence of Gothic *th* with Latin *t*, his contention would be doubtful, to say the least, according to his own statement, that the connecting idea of these words was formed after 367, and, therefore, the time allotted to Ulphilas to become acquainted with them (about fourteen years) was too short.

The next etymology, however, is utterly beyond the limits of reasonable possibility. The author explains Gothic *skulan* as a loan word from late Latin *culca*, "scout." The idea of such an explanation for a preterite-present, *i. e.*, for a verb of one of the oldest types of conjugation and one which is essentially the same in all Germanic languages, is grotesque. As to the third and last of Professor Wiener's reasons, *viz.*, that the corruption of Greek *σπουδαῖος* into Gothic *siponeis* required several centuries, and, therefore, the end of the eighth century was to be assumed as the date of the Gothic Bible, the reader must find it truly remarkable that this is asserted in the same article in which the wonderful preservation of the language of the Goths, after at least six centuries of migration and three centuries of life among Romanized people (if we were to accept Professor Wiener's statements), has been so entirely lost sight of.

E. PROKOSCH.

The University of Texas, May 18.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No better illustration is needed than Mr. Prokosch's letter to prove that my contention as to a philological fallacy in Gothic is correct. A theory which is based on belief only is fallacious. Mr. Prokosch adduces no proof that Auxentius was at fault in failing to say something about Ulphilas's translation of the Bible; he simply knows it to be a fact that Ulphilas wrote it, because it is a "general belief."

I adduced three groups of words in order to prove historiologically, not philologically, that Ulphilas could not have used them in his day. To the first, Mr. Prokosch objects, because *dultum* cannot give *dulths*, since Gothic *th* being equated to Latin *t* raises difficulties. This is interesting indeed. Mr. Prokosch denies the accepted correspondence of the two sounds (Gothic *wairthan*, Latin *verto*), and yet invokes his orthodox philology to prove my case "utterly unsatisfactory." But as *th* and *t* constantly interchange in Gothic, *dulths* may as well stand for *dults*, so after all, Mr. Prokosch might have had no trouble about the matter, if he had known his Gothic phonology more thoroughly. He objects to *dulths* on the ground that, according to my statement, fourteen years would have been ample time for the word to have got into the translation of Ulphilas. But I maintained nothing of the kind. I said that *indulgere*, in the particular sense, began to form in the time of Ulphilas, that *dulgere* was not recorded until 571; consequently, it is not fourteen, but minus one hundred and ninety, years, that Mr. Prokosch is operating with.

In the same breath, he objects to Gothic *skulan* from Latin *culca*, because only four hundred years had passed since the first recorded appearance of *culca* and *skulan*, if the Bible was written at the end of the eighth century. The trouble is that Mr. Prokosch knows, that is, he shares the "general belief," that the Germanic preterite-present was created in time immemorial. If the strong verb *schreiben* in German is represented as the same strong verb in the Northern languages, does this prove that Latin *scribere* entered into Germanic before the two separated? Why could not the Gothic *skulan* have been borrowed by the other Germanic languages, preterite-present and all? This is exactly what has happened, as I shall show when I get to it.

I cannot comprehend Mr. Prokosch's objection to *siponeis*, because the sentence as it stands makes no sense. Possibly he means that *siponeis* cannot be derived from *spodeus*. If so, I should like to direct his attention to the fact that in the *Skeireins* the reading is not *siponeis*, but *sponeis*, which Massmann emendated to *siponeis*. Nothing has contributed so much to the philological fallacy as these emendations and normalizations, for they disguise the possible truth. Now, *sponeis* and *spodeus* are no further apart than *plapja* and *platea*, yet sufficiently apart to have two centuries between them.

To whet Mr. Prokosch's appetite until my book appears, I will give here a partial list of Burgundian French words in the so-called Gothic Bible which Ulphilas could only have known if he rose from the dead four centuries after his physical demise. Such words are: *agis, aglaitei, agls, ah, ahma, aibr, asans, blotan, bloth, daupjan, dulgis, dulths, faihu, filhan, gafrithon, gretan, idreigan, lisan, marzjan, mathl, missa-, ogan, sneithan, skatts, spilda, spill, sunja.* I will, however, caution Mr. Prokosch that it will not do for him to hunt these words up in Old French dictionaries. I quote for the purpose from 250,000 documents, of the existence of which Germanic scholars know precious little.

LEO WIENER.

North Sandwich, N. H., June 1.

THE WORLD'S FAIR ART BUILDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the park which was once the World's Fair ground, in Chicago, is still standing the Art Museum, now used as the Field Columbian Museum for scientific exhibits. The building, while solid inside, has a covering of staff instead of marble, and as that is going to pieces, the building is to be torn down—a new scientific museum is now in process of building in the city. But this Art Museum is one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture that have ever been constructed. Is there not some means by which it can be preserved, or reproduced? Could it not, for instance, be rebuilt in San Francisco, for the coming Exposition, and of permanent material? The main façade is all that is essential—it is not necessary to reproduce the immense building as a whole—but the structures that bear the façade are, of course, enormous by themselves. To rebuild its exterior on its present site would be the least expensive plan, but on its present site it serves no very useful purpose—it is too far from the centre of the city. It is not likely that Chicago will do any-

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thing about it; but if Chicago does not, a national organization might well be formed to reproduce this magnificent specimen of American genius. If it should be actually torn down, the architect's plans would no doubt be preserved somewhere, but no one would ever realize, from plans, how beautiful the structure is, even in its present state of decay. Saint-Gaudens declared it to be the most beautiful piece of architecture since the Parthenon. It is not too soon (nor is it too late) to begin a movement for its perpetuation. It would be a lasting misfortune if it should not be preserved.

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN.

Chicago, May 18.

THE CHURCH PEACE UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask the hospitality of your columns to make known to the clergy of the United States that the Church Peace Union has authorized me to offer to the churches five thousand dollars ($5,000) in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows:

(1.) A prize of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States.

(2.) Three prizes, one of five hundred dollars ($500), one of three hundred dollars ($300), and one of two hundred dollars ($200), for the three best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries in the United States.

(3.) One thousand dollars ($1,000) in ten prizes of one hundred dollars ($100) each to any church member between twenty (20) and thirty (30) years of age.

(4.) Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars ($50) each to Sunday school pupils between fifteen (15) and twenty (20) years of age.

(5.) Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars ($20) each to Sunday school pupils between ten (10) and fifteen (15) years of age.

In the accomplishing of the desired results among the church members and the Sunday school pupils, and in the awarding of the prizes, the Church Peace Union will have to depend largely upon the assistance which the pastors can render. It is earnestly hoped that the pastors will make the announcement of these prizes in all of the churches and Sunday schools of the United States. In the competition for the prizes, only one essay should be sent from each church and from each Sunday school, the essays of the local church and Sunday school being read by a local committee, and the one winning essay forwarded. All essays must be in by January 1, 1915.

Further particulars about these prizes, as well as literature to be used in the preparation of the essays, and lists of books can be obtained by addressing the secretary of the Church Peace Union, Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

FREDERICK LYNCH.

New York, June 5.

Literature

REALPOLITIK.

Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 net.

It is not every German ex-Chancellor that gives to the world pungent memoirs. Perhaps some day we shall have from or about Prince Bülow, too, illuminating "Gedanken und Erinnerungen," with the true truth about the causes of his retirement; meanwhile, being still below the patriarchal age, and perhaps looking forward to a future, as well as back upon a past, he writes, dispassionately and in the main cautiously, a treatise on "Imperial Germany" that is neither history, nor prophecy, nor *apologia pro vita sua*, but yet is a little of all this. In form, it is a series of detached chapters or paragraphs on a large variety of political subjects, not unlike, both as to matter and manner, a Chancellor's manifesto before the Reichstag. The whole, in spite of the labored comprehensiveness imposed upon the author by the circumstances under which he wrote, possesses considerable interest and a certain historiographic value. What is offered now in an English translation was in the original but part of a large work, by various hands, on "Deutschland unter Kaiser Wilhelm II," where it appeared under the heading of "Deutsche Politik."

Prince Bülow writes as an admiring disciple of his great predecessor. Like Bismarck, he now and then takes his audience into his confidence. He speaks with perfect frankness of certain unpleasant facts. Thus we read about German "colonization" among the Poles of East Prussia: "Our policy and the work of colonization must be considered to have failed"; and he admits that "the introduction of our last Army Bill, which had its origin in the change of situation effected by the Balkan War, shows that Turkey's collapse was a blow to us." Personally, he adds, "I never had any illusions about the limits of Turkish ability to act with effect." We seem to hear Bismarck's voice in this reference to Japan: "It is not to our interest to have that eminently capable and brave nation for an enemy. On the other hand, we have no intention, of course, of allowing Japan to use us as a catspaw"; and there is perhaps more than a touch of Bismarckian frankness in such a statement as this (in the chapter on Party Platforms): "I never took the reproach of lack of political principle tragically; I have even, at times, felt it to savor of praise, for I saw in it appreciation of the fact that I was guided by reasons of state." Herr von Bülow does not conceal the fact that he is, first and foremost, a *Realpolitiker*.

Anglo-German relations, as is usual in works on modern Germany, occupy a prominent place in the volume before us. The subject is closely interwoven with the naval requirements of the Empire, and Prince Bülow is a most outspoken advocate of that policy to which William II "devoted all the power of the throne and all the strength of his own personality." The motives which actuate Germany in her relations with England have rarely been laid bare with such nonchalant unreserve:

> The fleet was to be built while we maintained our position on the Continent, without our coming into conflict with England, whom we could as yet not oppose at sea, but also while we preserved intact our national honor and dignity. Parliamentary opposition, which at that time was considerable, could only be overcome if steady pressure were brought to bear on Parliament by public opinion. In view of the anxious and discouraged state of feeling that obtained in Germany during the ten years following Prince Bismarck's retirement, it was only possible to rouse public opinion by harping on the string of nationalism and waking the people to consciousness. A great oppression which weighed on the spirit of the nation had been occasioned by the rupture between the wearer of the Imperial crown and the mighty man who had brought it up from the depths of Kyffhäuser. This oppression could be lifted if the German Emperor could set before his people, who at that time were not united either by common hopes or demands, a new goal towards which to strive, and could indicate to them "a place under the sun" to which they had a right, and which they must try to attain. On the other hand, patriotic feeling must not be roused to such an extent as to damage irreparably our relations with England, against whom our sea power would for years still be insufficient, and at whose mercy we lay in 1897, as a competent judge remarked at the time, like so much butter before the knife. To make it possible to build a sufficient fleet was the foremost and greatest task of German policy after Bismarck's retirement, a task with which I also was immediately confronted, when on June 28, 1897, at Kiel, on board the Hohenzollern, I was entrusted by his Majesty the Emperor with the conduct of foreign affairs, on the same day and the same spot on which twelve years later I handed in my resignation.

The reference to Parliamentary opposition is significant. A twelve years' struggle against party tactics has stiffened Bülow's natural conservatism into rigidity. Inheriting Bismarck's latter-day bitterness towards Radical Socialism and his lifelong distrust of Parliamentary freedom, he goes beyond him in his belief that both can be bent in obedience to the Imperial will, which, according to the gospel of the faithful, is tantamount to the national good. "From first to last during my term of

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office," he writes, "I recognized that the Social Democratic movement constituted a great and serious danger. It is the duty of every German Ministry to combat this movement until it is defeated or materially changed." He admits that suppression by force "is no longer feasible," and is sufficiently enlightened to recognize in the freedom of the press, and the right to form associations and hold meetings, "safety-valves which are useful and have become indispensable"; but he nevertheless regards the Social Democratic party, as reinforced by the ranks of Liberalism, not as a political opponent to be vanquished by argument and votes, but as a public enemy to be crushed by all the means at the disposal of the Crown.

Prince Bülow cherishes no illusion as to the relations between Germany and France. "The irreconcilability of France is a factor that we must reckon with in our political calculation." He concedes, however, that "it is a proof of a lively sense of honor if a nation suffers so keenly from a single injury to its pride that the desire for retribution becomes the ruling passion of the people." An interesting paragraph emphasizes the distinction between France and England in their attitude towards Germany:

> England is certainly seriously disquieted by our rising power at sea, and our competition which incommodes her at many points. Without doubt there are still Englishmen who think that, on the principle expressed by Montaigne, "que le dommage de l'un est le profit de l'autre," if the troublesome German would disappear from the face of the earth, England would only gain by it. But between such sentiments in England and the fundamental feeling in France there is a marked difference, which finds corresponding expression in politics. France would attack us if she thought she were strong enough; England would only do so if she thought she could not defend her vital economic and political interests against Germany except by force. The mainspring of English policy towards us is national egoism; that of French policy is national idealism. He who follows his interest will, however, mostly remain calmer than he who pursues an idea.

The rhetoric of Prince Bülow in all this bears a curious resemblance to that of Bismarck, who used to indulge in "large views" and dismal interpretations of world politics whenever the National Liberals in the Reichstag became particularly troublesome and the free-traders exposed his economic vagaries. The resemblance is heightened by Bülow's own economic crudities, to which the chapters on Industry and Agriculture, The Protection of Agriculture, and Agriculture in Time of War bear ample witness. There is the familiar harping on the agrarian tariff string, the old sneer at professorial wisdom, in the assertion that "more can be learned from personal intercourse and from life than from books, however profound," the same plea for strong armaments as the ultimate cause of agricultural and industrial prosperity.

Bülow's *Realpolitik* is broad enough to include Germans everywhere, and frank enough to brush aside whatever claims other nationalities might urge in countries where the Germans are only one of the elements in the nation. How is it, he asks, "that in the struggle between different nationalities the German has so often succumbed to the Czech and the Slovene, the Magyar and the Pole, the French and the Italian, and that he is still at a disadvantage to-day?" The answer is:

> We are not a political people. Not that we ever lacked penetration and understanding for the sequence of political things, or for the essence and association of the religious, moral, social, legal, and industrial forces which condition politics. We have always possessed this political knowledge to the same extent as our contemporaries, and even to a greater. We did not either fail to realize our own peculiar political shortcomings. But what we did lack, and what we still often lack, is the art of proceeding from insight to practical application, and the greater art of doing the right thing, politically, by a sure creative instinct, instead of only after much thought and considerable cogitation.

If this is rather vague as to details, the meaning is obvious enough. The German everywhere must learn to assert himself, though not, as Bülow readily admits, at the expense of loyalty to the adopted country. In the United States, in particular, attachment to the fatherland is perfectly consistent with American patriotism, and Bülow believes that, since the formation of the "Deutsch-Amerikanischer Nationalbund"—whose importance he greatly exaggerates—the Germans in the United States "are animated more and more by the desire to maintain and encourage a close connection" between the old home and the new. It is fair to add that Bülow's references to this country are thoroughly sympathetic and appreciative. Indeed, with all the frequent rattling of the sabre, the ex-Chancellor is far from identifying himself with German chauvinists à la Bernhardi, and he more than once holds England up to the admiration of his countrymen.

Nevertheless, the keynote of the entire volume is the expressed conviction of Germany's supremacy in most of the important manifestations of the human intellect. "We have achieved great things in all the sciences and arts; the greatest philosophers, the greatest poets and musicians are Germans." Perhaps it is timely not to allow the oft-repeated phrase that Germany has produced the greatest poetry of all time to go unchallenged. Hermann Grimm has lent this assertion the authority of his name, in his characterization of Goethe's "Faust" as "the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all nations"; yet we have the greater authority of Goethe himself to the contrary. "Tieck," he said to Eckermann, "is a man of great talent, and no one can be more sensible of his great merits than myself, but it is a mistake to raise him beyond his own height and place him on the same level with me. I can say so plainly, for it matters nothing to me, inasmuch as I have not made myself. I should act similarly if I compared myself with Shakespeare, who also did not make himself, but who is nevertheless a being of a higher order, to whom I look up with reverence."

Germany and her literature are great enough to dispense with vainglory, and her patriots may profitably ponder the saying of a Frenchman, the wise Sainte-Beuve: "I should wish the lecturer dwelling on the beauties and the grandeur of our literature and national history to guard against repeating what is so constantly said, in colleges and even in academies on solemn occasions: that the French are the greatest and most sensible of all nations, and our literature the greatest of all literatures. I should wish him to content himself with saying that it is one of the finest, and that the world did not begin and does not end with us."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Titan. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Dreiser continues his notable study of the predatory genius of the market introduced in "The Financier." The present scene of operations is Chicago of the eighties and nineties, where gas and street railways spelled golden opportunities. Cowperwood, who in true outlaw fashion establishes and maintains himself in the field by sheer craft and audacity, remains from first to last an interloper, waging his campaign singlehanded against the coalition of local capitalists. The spectacle has so fascinated Mr. Dreiser that he has turned Roman historian, sketching in every figure of any importance in this fight for plunder, following all the moves and countermoves with smiling pagan veracity. Witness the protestations of the two ward leaders who had sold out to the enemy everything but their own seats in the City Council:

> "Look at meself! I only won by 300 votes," archly declared Mr. Kerrigan. "By God, I almost lost me own ward!"
>
> Mr. Tiernan was equally emphatic. "The police was no good to me," he declared firmly. "They let the other fellows beat up me men. I only polled 6,000 . . ."

and the ferocious ultimatum of Cowper-

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wood in parley with his enemies who have thought to take him unprepared on the eve of a financial crisis:

"If you open the day by calling my loans, I'll gut every bank from here to the river."

A whole epoch of American history could be reconstructed from these two incidents alone; its end, too, foretold from the night when a formidable army with banners camped round about the City Hall while boodling aldermen inside, heckled by a galleryful of resolute constituents, reluctantly voted down the fifty-year renewal of Cowperwood's franchises. For it is not the superior strength of his antagonists or any weakening of his own powers that finally determines this battle of giants, but a change of popular temper so profound as to mark the dawning of a new social era. So much for the application of evolutionary principles by our social historian.

In this volume, however, the emphasis is no longer meant to be upon Cowperwood's business operations, but upon his self-realization—rapacity is a plainer word—in quite another line. "'I satisfy myself,' was his private law," and the consistent individualist must be expected to satisfy himself with many women. These appear in due succession, this one requiring several chapters, that one accounted for in as many paragraphs, a half dozen others listed and disposed of in a line apiece—maids and matrons of outward respectability, all too willing to be properly classed as victims. Mr. Dreiser, who seldom understands when the way to completeness is through elimination, has felt obliged to include them all in order to illustrate authentically the promiscuity of the man who "had little faith in women aside from their value as objects of art," and at the same time can afford to cultivate a very fine taste. It is a pity, since many readers are sure to judge the book entirely by their own disposition towards episodes of this character, whereas what Mr. Dreiser offers to our contemplation is in no sense a rake's progress, but the detailed process of the ripening of appetite into taste.

After all, the whole story lies between two women—the wife who had been the exuberant mistress of his youth and the fastidious girl whose exquisiteness enchants the experienced connoisseur. Aileen, who in her day has satisfied completely his capacity for sensual passion, is outgrown as she ages. To her the desertion is fatal. Her splendid animal vigor, her emotional vehemence and lavishness—all that had made her acceptable and loyal—now conspire to her undoing and contribute to her degradation.

Berenice understands him: "His wife had not kept pace with him, or, rather, had not eluded him in his onward flight—had not run swiftly before, like a winged victory. Berenice reflected that if she were dealing with such a man, lines of care and disappointment should never mar her face." Hers is a nature fit to cope with his, a faculty of calculation to match his own. Caught in the net of her own sordid necessities, she can maintain her prestige, and make her compromise with fate a little disdainfully, with her eyes wide open. She comes to him in the hour of his defeat, instinctively choosing the occasion that will enhance her value, when her yielding will be condescension, not capture. So in this direction, too, we finally come to the limits of individualism, and here we leave him, taken at last in the toils of "a personality which he cannot gainsay."

Mr. Dreiser is no longer, as in "The Financier," an altogether scientific analyst rejoicing in the striking exemplification of a natural law in an unusually fine specimen. He has become more the interpretive philosopher. And his conception of a nature emancipated from fear of consequences by its own exceptional capacities, and maintaining itself at the expense of others, in defiance of the social order, a triumphant though lonely outlaw, would have excited a lesser moralist to indignation and an anxious haste to see justice done.

What a Man Wants. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Will some one please tell us why it is necessary to change the titles of English novels for American consumption? Mr. Marriott seems to have called this story "Subsoil." "What a Man Wants" is undoubtedly more catchy, but it happens to mean very little in connection with the narrative, which has to do rather with what a man ought to want—namely, to get beneath the surface of life and art, to the bottom of things. The last sentence in the story is only one of a hundred insisting upon this duty: "There's always new subsoil being turned up, and we can at least help to keep it sweet and wholesome."

Mr. Marriott again has something to say. When we find ourself confronted by a painter-hero, we sigh perhaps. The famous temperament again? The handsome and frowsy and irresponsible waster of paint and women? The fear is groundless; that person does appear in the story, but is merely, in a mild way, the villain, with barely a speaking part. Our painter is of sturdier sort, with a natural liking for decency, and a consequent contempt for long hair, velveteen, and the code apart. His love of order and gentle living have ranged him at the outset with "the best people," and we find him in the parlous state of fashionable portrait-painter, engaged to marry a girl of society. Follow his awakening to the hollowness and conventionality of his work, his new birth of will and purpose, his loss of prosperity, and finally, of his betrothed. Meanwhile, another woman has crept into his life, a woman in full sympathy with his new work, and, as it seems, born to be his mate. The irony of the thing is—and it comes as a shock to the reader—that the frowsy nincompoop with the temperament has lounged his way into the hearts of both the women Hugh Sutherland might have married. It is only an irony, not a tragedy; for Sutherland, as hapless Loveday sees, needs all himself for his work: "There are some men that no woman ought to have," and this man's escape from her half reconciles her to her own profitless folly. A real woman—more real, perhaps, than Sutherland is as a man.

"Unto Cæsar." By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is an unsuccessful example of the historico-romantic novel. The scene is Rome in the reign of Caligula. The author is lavish with local color, yet so ill-informed that she supposes "a few legions" would amount to less than a thousand men, and that a Roman warship could be carried across Gaul by "sixteen stalwart barbarians." The hero and heroine are, of course, impossible beings. Taurus Antenor, prefect of Rome, is in love with the Emperor's beautiful cousin, Dea Flavia. He is led by Christianity to such a pitch of Quixotism that on various occasions he exposes himself to almost certain death to save his worst enemies, and finally refuses the empire and the love of his mistress out of respect for the command, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The style is floridly rhetorical, rejoicing in such words as "bousculading" and "plit."

Life Is a Dream. By Richard Curle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

To read four or five of the nine short stories in this volume is to be impressed with the writer's obvious disqualifications for the form as Americans know it; and, at the same time, with the truth and naturalness of his little slices of life. Constructively, his tales want imagination, plot, surprise; there is scarce a situation in the lot of real dramatic quality. All, however, have merit of style and unity of theme, and shadow forth a character of convincing vividness. One is the story of Old Hoskyns, who cherishes for years a dream of far travels, and when finally he musters his courage to ask for a furlough from the office, is pathetically convinced that he is a doddering old fool with an empty whim in his head; another of little George, who, condemned to appear at a garden party in a blue velvet suit, tears it up and runs away, to be carried sleep-

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ily home at dead of night by scared and penitent parents; another of Reeves, who resided for fifteen years on a tropical island, took the steamer for England in high jubilation at the thought of a Christmas at home, and was so overcome by loneliness and sense of exile on seeing the familiar lights of Southampton that he resolved to take the next packet back; another of a book-collector who falls in love with a young woman interested in the sale of books at auction, invites her to appraise his library in order to continue his courtship, and presses it successfully over his first editions. In all these there might be much emotional stress, if there were profound analysis; but the narrative is sober and of objective, unvarnished quality.

THE BISHOP OF HIPPO.

Saint Augustin. By Louis Bertrand. Translated by Vincent O'Sullivan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

M. Bertrand's life of St. Augustine attracted so much attention when it appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the course of the year 1913, that a translation of it into English was as much expected as it was desired. Mr. O'Sullivan's version is close and accurate, fitting the original like a glove. It is readable, too, and for the most part fairly idiomatic; but somehow the flavor of the French seems rather to have evaporated in the transition, as is so often the case. Occasionally he errs from over-familiarity, as when he reproduces M. Bertrand's description of the epoch, "féconde en aventuriers de grande envergure," as "prolific of daring and high-flying adventurers"; less seldom he is caught by the snare of etymological sound, as when he turns "âmes délicates" into "delicate souls."

But the absorbing interest and some of the charm of the original narrative remain intact. The life of the great champion of Christianity against a reluctantly dying civilization, the creator of autobiography and of the poignant romantic style which literature has never since forgotten, the ardent soul who made his emotions the deepest spiritual nurture of many generations of men—such a life could not be dull under any hand, and, in fact, we already possessed a good popular biography from Mr. Joseph McCabe, written without the anti-Catholic bias which might have been expected from that bitter pen. But Mr. McCabe's work has nothing like the art and the human insight which distinguish M. Bertrand's almost passionate pages. From the first paragraph, bringing before us Thagaste, the birthplace of Augustine, with its "little streets, quite white, which climb up to clay-formed hills deeply furrowed by the heavy winter rains," we are in the guidance of an author who knows every foot of the African and Italian soil once trodden by the Saint, and who has made the people of antiquity live again in his imagination. And to the very last paragraph we feel that our modern interpreter writes in the spirit of Augustine's first biographer, with whose words the book closes: "Pray for me and with me, that I may try here below to follow in the steps of this peerless man, whom, by God's goodness, I have had the happiness of living with for such a long time." It would not be honest to say that M. Bertrand never stretches his documentary rights. Conjecture sometimes takes the place of knowledge, without giving the reader fair intimation of the line where one ends and the other begins; as, for instance, in the attempt to revivify Augustine's father, Patricius, who might well enough have been left in the obscurity really surrounding him. These are the faults of enthusiasm, and will trouble only the very critical reader. The one serious objection to them is that they throw a little too much of the modern atmosphere of sentimentality about the manners of the age.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that which gives an account of Augustine's life at Cassicium, not far from Milan, whither he went after his conversion to rest in the country house of a friend. Some of the talks of the master with his mother and pupils were taken down at the time in shorthand, and these, with the "Soliloquies," enable the biographer to reproduce the friendly ways of the little group with charming precision. There are not many things in history more beautiful than this interlude in Augustine's days between the anxious inner conflict of his conversion and the hard fighting that came upon him as bulwark of the church. "Let us remark in passing," says M. Bertrand, with some justifiable exaggeration, it may be, "that this is the last time, before those centuries which are coming of universal intellectual silence or arid scholasticism—the last time that high questions will be discussed in this graceful light way, and with the same freedom of mind. The tradition begun by Socrates under the plane-trees on the banks of the Ilissus is ending with Augustine under the chestnuts of Cassicium."

M. Bertrand has succeeded notably in what was evidently his main design, the endeavor to reconstruct a sympathetic image of a man, of like mind with ourselves, living in an age which, in its conflict of religious ideals, shows certain striking resemblances to our own. Of Augustine's philosophical opinions and dogmatic contentions he has little to say, and that little not always well-grounded. The reader who is looking primarily for such discussions may be warned away; and, indeed, M. Bertrand, without lessening the human character of his work, might well have been somewhat more precise and incisive in regard to the Bishop's battles against Pelagianism and Donatism and the other fierce heresies of the day, which, after all, under their cortex of hard words, touch very deep issues of mortal conduct. Even more misleading, perhaps, is the over-emphasis placed on the Platonic side of Augustine and the slurring over the Manichæan influence which was perpetuated through his theology. "He was this [a Platonist] by nature," observes M. Bertrand. "His Christianity will be a religion all of light and beauty." Such a statement, in the opinion of this reviewer, by its one-sidedness profoundly misrepresents the real office of Augustine in the evolution of human thought and emotion. There was shadow that went along with the light. The great opportunity of M. Bertrand was to show how the dualism of Plato, in passing through the hands of the Bishop of Hippo, took on a deep tinge of the dualism of Mani. Here subtle distinctions are needed, and these the author of this otherwise excellent book has failed to make.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

Memories of My Youth, 1844-1865. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Mr. Putnam's skilful pen has returned to the days of his youth, a part of which it had already covered. In this attractive volume he tells of his boyhood, of the migration to this country of the Putnam family, which has meant so much to the American publishing world, and of his early schooling. Residents of old New York will find a great deal here to refresh their memories of the city of the middle of the nineteenth century, with which so few New Yorkers of to-day have any connection or acquaintance. Mr. Putnam's education was affected by his lack of normal eyesight, which led to the abandonment of his plan to enter Columbia and to his studying abroad when American students in Europe were by no means so numerous or so welcome as to-day. His experiences in France and in Germany, at the outbreak of the Civil War, are set forth at length and with much charm, interspersed with a running history of the progress of the war and of our relations with the great nations of Europe during this period. By 1862 Mr. Putnam could stand it abroad no longer, and he returned to enlist in the 176th New York Volunteers.

A part of his military service Mr. Putnam has written down in his earlier book, "A Prisoner of War in Virginia," but the present volume gives in greater detail the story of a regiment which

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met disaster early in the history of its service in the Southwest, then fought as a battalion in Louisiana and Arkansas, and later lost many of its men, captured at the Battle of Cedar Creek, among whom was its boy adjutant, Major Putnam. All of his experiences he now relates in an absorbing narrative of lasting value. It ought to be the duty of all survivors of this great struggle who can write well to recount, ere it is too late, their experience in this epoch-making struggle. The great history of our Civil War is still to be written. So, too, is a real interpretation on a large canvas of the true spirit which actuated the volunteers of 1861 on both sides. When a masterly, moving picture of the underlying currents of that time comes to be written, such narratives as Major Putnam's will constitute most trustworthy groundwork. Of particular interest is his tribute to the work of the adjutants of regiments, brigade divisions, and corps who so often did the work of others having the rank and authority. A later volume dealing with his experiences as a publisher is promised by the author.

SPECIAL PLEADING.

The Americans in the Philippines: A History of the Conquest and First Years of the Occupation, with an Introductory Account of the Spanish Rule. By James A. LeRoy. With an Introduction by William Howard Taft. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $10 net.

Mr. LeRoy when a young man went to the Philippines as secretary to one of the members of the Taft Philippine Commission during its first visit in the Islands. He remained there two years and, having fallen a victim to tuberculosis, received a place in the consular service, but died in 1909. During the six years or so of his incumbency of the office of Consul, he wrote many controversial articles in defence of the policy of Mr. Taft and of the existing scheme of American government in the Philippines. Like former Commissioner Dean C. Worcester, he early determined to publish a "monumental" work on the subject. At his death he left, in addition to his published articles, a mass of incomplete manuscripts. This material, or a considerable portion of it, is now published with an introductory tribute by Mr. Taft and a biography by Harry Coleman, an early friend and associate. Mr. Taft, who ought to know, says that Mr. LeRoy was "not free from some prejudices," and Mr. Coleman says that in his writings on Philippine questions he allowed "no argument in favor of Philippine independence to go unchallenged." These statements are obviously very moderate, and place Mr. LeRoy's two heavy volumes in their correct position. They are to be put in the same category as the volumes of former Commissioner Dean C. Worcester. Both are animated by a single spirit—the disposition to discredit the native inhabitants and to demonstrate the inability of the Filipinos to govern themselves.

Although the first three chapters—147 pages—are devoted to the Spanish occupation, only one of these (about 40 pages) gives an account of events prior to 1890, the remaining two being occupied with developments shortly preceding the coming of the Americans. They are patently intended to make out the worst possible case against the Spanish method of ruling the archipelago. Having drawn a conventionally dark picture of a state of misrule so extreme as to arouse the natives to almost united opposition, the author turns to the conditions under which Dewey appeared in Manila Bay. Here there is a rather careful examination of documentary evidence with respect to the actual position of the American leaders and their relationship to Aguinaldo and his followers.

It is interesting to compare the conclusions arrived at with those reached by Mr. Worcester. Doubtless the opinion will be formed that Mr. LeRoy either had not access to some of the "material" quoted by Worcester, or else that he regarded it as of no importance or as being untrustworthy. Mr. LeRoy at all events admits the coöperation of the natives with the United States forces for the purpose of obtaining independence, and concedes that this purpose was thoroughly well understood by all, although he is careful to state that the "alliance" said to have existed between the two is a "fiction" (Vol. I, page 191). A recital of the familiar incidents in the taking of Manila is then followed by a description of the government organized at Malolos under Aguinaldo. This description is filled with bitter criticism of the methods and machinery employed by the natives and with contemptuous characterization of their chief representatives. An excursion taken by the author into non-Philippine fields is found in a chapter on the Treaty of Paris, which is somewhat disappointing, as it adds nothing to material already available in fairly good form, and merely restates the conventional view of those who regard the treaty as the outcome of necessity, divine compulsion, manifest destiny, or some unknown influence of the sort.

Mr. LeRoy turns to a recital of the minor engagements, skirmishes, guerrilla warfare, and general destruction of property which constituted the staple of events during the two years after 1898. The chief interest of this somewhat tedious recapitulation is the author's attitude towards certain controversial points in our military method in the Philippines. Because Mr. Taft has said that "nowhere can a clearer and more judicial statement be found than in these chapters," the position of the writer has something of an official character. Mr. LeRoy admits the use of torture and of cruel and barbarous methods, although he defends such practices on the ground that they were "inevitable by way of retaliation for Filipino barbarities." He concedes the use of deceit both at Washington and in Manila in regard to the events of the war, as well as the resort to double-dealing in connection with a news censorship established by the military commanders; and the burning of villages and devastation of fields. Later on, Mr. LeRoy adopts a more critical attitude towards the military. When the Taft Philippine Commission arrives, he, like Mr. Worcester, is quite ready to attack the existing régime and to charge the generals in command, by direct implication at least, with arrogance, autocratic tendencies, and indisposition to restore civil rule. The author has little to say of the actual effects of the war, except as they are inferable from his account of the methods of warfare employed. If his story of these methods is correct, the Philippines must have been a devastated and disorganized territory when "pacification" had been accomplished. It is only fair to the author to say that he seems to struggle desperately in his own mind between regret that such practices could have been tolerated by Americans and satisfaction that Aguinaldo and his followers and rivals were so thoroughly broken. How any human being can grant what Mr. LeRoy has to, and does, grant, yet adhere to the view that American occupation of the Philippines has been a wonderful benefit to that distressed land, must remain a mystery in human psychology.

The effort to give a "scientific" cast to these volumes is fruitless because of the manifest bias of the treatment, even where the language is moderate, and because of the evident intent to supply "material" for use against those who have urged a more humane and liberal policy. When the reader lays down either this work or that of Mr. Worcester he can hardly help being overcome by the feeling that the real state of the case has exceeded his worst fears, and that if these be the true accounts of those who were responsible for or connected with the management of Philippine affairs during the crucial period, the situation must have been bad indeed. Mr. Taft's introductory words are simple, frank, and to the point, but he has certainly taken a bold step in setting the seal of his approval upon this story of the "Americans in the Philippines."

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Notes

"A History of Connecticut: Its People and Institutions," by George L. Clark, is announced for publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of: "The Economic Organization of England," by W. J. Ashley; "Lourdes," by Johannes Jörgensen, translated by Ingeborg Lund; "German Municipal Life and Government," by William Harbutt Dawson.

The Century Company will publish shortly "Forces Mining and Undermining China," by Capt. Rowland R. Gibson.

"The Great Secret," by Graham Wallas, will be published on June 17 by the Macmillan Company.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announces that the publication of "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure, has been postponed till early in the autumn.

Among the books announced for immediate publication by the Harvard University Press are the succeeding volumes of Wambaugh's "Constitutional Law"; "The Secondary Teacher in Germany," by William Setchel Learned; "Preservatives for Food: Their Use and Abuse," by Otto Folin; "Scientific Management," by Clarence Bertrand Thompson.

A PROPOSAL has been made to put up a memorial brass to Sir Henry Vane the Younger in the church of Belleau, Lincolnshire, England. In the circular that we have received concerning the proposal it is noted as "somewhat remarkable that while a noble statue has been erected to Vane in Boston, there is no memorial to him in England except a tablet on the wall of his house in Hampstead." The wording of the proposed inscription will be: "To the memory of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, Lord of the Manor of Belleau, Defender of Civil and Religious Liberty, 'Than whom a better Senator ne'er held The helm of Rome', Governor of Massachusetts, 'A man of noble and generous mind': Born 1613—Beheaded 1662." Contributions towards the expense of the memorial, which it is expected will not exceed $96, may be sent to the Rev. James Foster, Tathwell Vicarage, near Louth, Lincolnshire, England, or to the Rev. John Willcock, Lerwick, Shetland, Scotland.

A REPRINT of "French Novelists of To-day," by Winifred Stevens (Lane; $1.50 net), first published six years ago, contains no fresh material except a new preface and the necessary additions to the bibliographies which precede each of the studies. Of the eight novelists treated, two, Edouard Rod and "Pierre" de Coulevain, have died since the appearance of the first edition. Since then, also, many of the novels of Madame de Coulevain, Anatole France, and Pierre Loti have been given to English readers. "Though the contemporary French novel is experiencing many changes," says the new preface, "its three kings of six years ago—Anatole France, Maurice Barrès, Pierre Loti—remain enthroned to-day." Each of them has added something distinctive to his work. M. France has entered the field of history. His "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" has been accepted as "a monument of historical knowledge"; and in his novel "Les Dieux ont Soif" he has told a story of the Revolution from an unusual point of view. M. Loti, at the end of his outlandish journeying, has discovered England. M. Barrès has been steadily advancing from the championship of agnosticism towards a championship of Rome. These facts are noted in the preface, but the essays proper, being left as they were, are already a trifle antiquated. In themselves they are painstaking and serious rather than illuminating. Their republication is no doubt connected with the fact that the author has in hand a second series of studies under the same title.

A PENCHANT for the great ones of the earth and a tremendous earnestness in the pursuit of his hobby appear to have combined to induce Mr. Thornton Hall to write "Romances of the Peerage" (Brentano's; $3.75 net). The subject might have been made of considerable interest, for there is no lack of romantic episodes in the history of many whose names are enshrined in the pages of Debrett. Mr. Hall's narrative, however, is a prosaic document. The romances that he selects are for the most part fairly well known and many of them have been much better told before. Some of the episodes, one would have imagined, must have tempted even the most decorous writer to a touch of raciness, but the present author is before all things solemn, and at the end of any particularly inglorious record can safely be relied upon to point the obvious moral, if not to adorn the tale.

THE "Penn's Country" of E. S. Roscoe, as issued by Longmans in a revised and enlarged edition (90 cents net), is still a small book, nor is it yet a very important book; but it contains a pleasant account of the literary associations of South Buckinghamshire, from the northern edge of the Chiltern Hills to the River Colne. There is no particular reason why it should be called the country of Penn any more than of Disraeli or Burke or Milton or Gray or some other of the worthies who were born here or made this part of the country their home; but that, again, is a matter of no importance. The chapters can be recommended to any one who enjoys natural description and literary and political anecdotes tastefully combined.

IT would be hard to understand the purpose of Mr. Carl Crow's "America and the Philippines" (Doubleday; $2 net), with its curious hodge-podge of fulsome praise for American policies in the Islands, its defence of wrongs and cruelties practiced by our representatives, and its apparently unintentional admission of the existence of conditions whose very being suggests the failure of our colonial experiment in any large sense of the term, were it not for the closing chapter of the book, which is entitled Philippine Independence. Here is developed a bitter attack on the proposal to give the native home rule or independence, on the ground that many "tribes" exist, that there is "no Filipino nation," that the native inhabitants have no ability and have never produced statesmen (while excluded from a place in the government), artists or scientific men in large numbers (while excluded from opportunities for training), capitalists (while robbed by taxation and discriminating tariffs), or churchmen (while excluded from the religious orders). For these conclusive and satisfying reasons, "it would be tragic for the Filipino people, and humiliating for America, to stop before success is certain"—notwithstanding that two hundred or more pages of brilliant success have just been detailed by the writer. Mr. Crow seems to have written his work while complacently listening to the placeholders and exploiters in the Philippines during a brief trip to Manila. It is unfortunate that he did not do the job more artistically and with greater attention to detail. There are already too many books of this sort on the market, and too few that give American readers the slightest real notion of existing conditions in the Philippines, or of the actual work accomplished or neglected there. Incidentally, Mr. Crow ought to have learned to spell Philippine names after some one of the several more or less recognized methods now in use.

PAGET TOYNBEE'S "Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante" (reviewed in the *Nation* for January 12, 1899), which has been out of print for some years, is now republished under the title "Concise Dante Dictionary" (Oxford University Press; 7s. 6d. net). The reduction in length indicated in the new name has been effected chiefly by the omission of controversial matter. The old articles have been revised and brought up to date, and a number of new ones have been added. The thoroughness and trustworthiness of the earlier form of the work are well known; the new and more convenient form will be very welcome to students of Dante.

THE various diplomatic steps by which Russia, during the last three years, has moved towards the establishment of its paramount influence in Mongolia, as Chinese influence has receded, are recorded with great detail in Perry-Ayscough and Otter-Barry's "With the Russians in Mongolia" (Lane, $4.50). That, however, is material which is probably available in a goodly number of publications. Particular interest attaches to the diaries of a trip across Inner and Outer Mongolia by the two authors, set down with no attempt whatever at literature or sensation. Capt. Otter-Barry made the trip on horseback from Kalgan to Urga. Mr. Perry-Ayscough set out from Urga, and by wagon and boat travelled westward into Turkestan. Between the two, they have gathered a large mass of precise information for the geographer and the international trader.

ONE of the many literary reviews of Young France, and specifically "a review of grace, letters, and art," is *La Flora*. It publishes verses of a new poet, Josel Le Marchant. They are unusually original in their "modernism," which is as ancient in recorded verse as Pindar

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and the Greek chorus. They would particularly shock that ex-magistrate, Raoul de La Grasserie, who wrote a treatise to prove that the Verb is "the generator of the parts of speech." The following translations are literal and keep to line divisions and punctuation; and they aim at reproducing the jingle, but without much hope of catching up the lightsome phrase:

I.

—Two blond sisters—one
and the other blond of face.
—Springtime—the moon,
the World's grace.
—From two yellow roses
to two girls blond of face—
The moon—Autumn,
the World's grace.
—The grace a-trembling
of two roses blond of face,
and smiling—together—
—the World's grace.

II.

—The moon up above—
—Girls are coming home,
telling their trouble—
—The moon up above:
—Their trouble or their joy—
—You know not well which—
—Know you ever anything?
'Tis what they believe it.
—The moon up above—
—The brier and the rose—
—'Tis one and the same:
—The moon up above
looks down the road:
—But you do not hear
their voice and their steps,
—and at evening you doubt.
—The moon up above—
—All things are vain—
Girls are coming home—
—The moon up above.

André Beaunier, though an old-fashioned critic and a scholar and philosopher, observes: "You ought not to say—I don't understand! For a moment's pleasure, profit by the pretty, well-ordered words which do not mean one thing more than another, and only invite you to dream at your own will. Perhaps a discreet invitation to dream is not all of poetry—and yet there is poetry here."

THE philosophy of "The Ego and its Place in the World" (Macmillan; $3.75 net), by Prof. Charles G. Shaw, of New York University, is a romantic idealism after the fashion of Rudolf Eucken, but differs from the philosophy of Eucken in being more of a romantic individualism. The adventures of Mr. Shaw's ego recall those of Fichte's. Neither compels us to realize vividly that "the ego" means you and me. Mr. Shaw's philosophical drama begins in the world of appearance, from which the ego's first task is to escape, and in which it is then to find a place for itself. The second act is laid in the world of activity, where the ego asserts itself as immanent causality over against the apparently transient causality of the world. Here we see the meaning of Euckenian and Shavian "activism." But the independence of the ego is not made secure until, in the third act, in the world of reality, it reaches the full dimensions of selfhood, and, in gentlemanly Hegelian fashion, becomes reconciled to the world in discovering that the world is also a self. Mr. Shaw's philosophy is not destitute of ideas, but, as becomes a romantic philosophy, the ideas are vague, and both the style and the reasoning are loose and superficial, while the attempt to be striking and original often leads him astray. It is purely gratuitous, for example, to derive from Spinoza's statement, that the order and connection of things are *the same as* the order and connection of ideas, an admission that the ideas are the patterns for the things. Three times, at least, Mr. Shaw uses *valeur* in the sense of "valuer," misled, evidently, by the analogy of *amateur*, and after this we know that he is innocent in construing *in vino veritas* to mean that "in the wine of genuine enjoyment the essence of truth can be perceived."

"ON the Left of a Throne" (Lane; $3 net) is a study by Mrs. Evan Nepean of the personality—the good looks, religion, and amours—of that unfortunate son of Charles II and Lucy Walters who is known to history as the Duke of Monmouth. He fought at Sedgemoor, and was executed for it. Mrs. Nepean's style is not quite like that of the ordinary historian. "The spirit of fair play has been roused by Monmouth's story! Let him, in colloquial phrase, at least, 'have a run for his money'" (p. 6). Enraptured by her hero's "comely young figure," "just under six feet, the perfect male height," by the "swift flash of his brilliant smile," by his warm coloring, his hazel eyes, and his other charms, and stirred romantically by the tragedy of his birth and death, Mrs. Nepean fills many feminine pages with gushing sentiment and exclamatory sentences. The value of her book lies chiefly in the excellent reproduction of twenty-eight portraits, five of which have never before been published; these she has searched out with pains and interpreted with sympathy. There are also some other illustrations.

WALTER THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, who died suddenly in London on June 7, was born at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, on October 12, 1832. His family name was Watts, but in 1897 he added to it his mother's name of Dunton. He was educated at Cambridge as a naturalist, but he soon abandoned natural history for law, and practiced as a solicitor in London for a number of years before devoting himself to literature. In 1874 he became a critic on the *Examiner*, and from 1875 until 1898 he was the leading critic on the *Athenæum*. He contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica the treatise on poetry and the first principles of poetic art, as well as articles on the sonnet and rondeau and the monograph on Rossetti. He also wrote monographs in the same encyclopædia on Vanbrugh, Wycherley, Matthew Arnold, and George Borrow, and was a contributor of literary essays to various magazines and reviews. "The Coming of Love," a collection of poems, appeared in 1897, and his poetic romance, "Aylwin," was published in the following year. Mr. Watts-Dunton had also edited various works, including Borrow's "Lavengro," "Romany Rye," and "Wild Wales."

THE Right Hon. Sir William Reynell Anson, Unionist member of the House of Commons for Oxford University since 1899, died in London on June 4. He was born in Walberton on November 14, 1843, the son of the second baronet and Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Denis Pack. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. He succeeded to the title in 1873. Sir William was elected a fellow of All Souls', Oxford, in 1867, and two years later was called to the bar. In 1900 be became a Bencher of the Inner Temple. He was Vinerian reader in English law from 1874-81, and in 1880 he contested West Staffordshire. He was vice-chancellor of the University of Oxford, 1898-99; parliamentary secretary to the Board of Education, 1902-5, and trustee of the British Museum, 1911. He was considered one of the foremost authorities on English law. Among the books which he had written on this subject were: "Principles of the English Law of Contract" and "Law and Custom of the Constitution." He also edited the "Memoirs of the Third Duke of Grafton, K. G." He had been a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery since 1904, was the warden of All Souls' College from 1881 until the time of his death, and from 1899 to 1912 was chancellor of the diocese of Oxford.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

SOME of the London papers just now appear to think that details of their own circulation are of almost as much interest to their readers as the Ulster crisis. The game was started by the *Times* in a triumphant outburst at the sudden jump in its numbers from 53,000 to 170,000 copies a day when its price was reduced to two cents. The *Daily Telegraph* immediately replied with accountants' certificates showing a still greater circulation. The *Times* rejoined by pointing out that its own figures were those of net sales, and added that "those of our readers upon whom free copies of the *Daily Telegraph* are being generously showered by post daily will more clearly understand the manner in which the *Daily Telegraph* evades the important point as to net sales vs. circulation." The dispute becomes the more piquant when one remembers how, less than six months ago, Lord Northcliffe took the lead in a congratulatory presentation to Lord Burnham.

HAPPY days are still in store for collectors of armor, antiquated, if not antique. On June 12 the French War Ministry sells at auction 4,300 cuirasses. They are of the Bourbon Restoration model, and they have been worn successively by the cuirassiers of the Royal Guard of Charles X and the Imperial Guard of Napoleon III. They saw service last in the war of 1870, at the battles of Reichshoffen and Mars-la-Tour. Their polished waists, encircling chosen cavalrymen, riding in numerous ranks, still make an impression when the President of the republic goes out to welcome solemnly foreign kings and queens; but they no longer offer sufficient resistance to the balls of modern rifles, though they are still valid against a revolver or sabre. Outside of France, European armies have abandoned their use, except for parade. The War Office has also sold two superannuated bronze cannons at Fontainebleau for about five dollars each. They

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were at once bought up for more than seventy times that price for the sake of the material; and it seems the mere disintegrating of them and transportation will cost as much more. Cannon of artistic or historic interest have been usually placed of late years on the Esplanade des Invalides, at Paris. Tourists too often pass them by without notice, as they do the rich Museum of Armor and Artillery inside the Invalides.

MOST American students at the Paris National Library make the acquaintance of M. Schalck de la Faverie, one of the officials, who not only speaks English with ease, but has made persons and things American his special study. A few years ago he published a thoughtful historical and literary essay on "The Evolution of Puritanism in the United States," and more recently one on the part played by the Vikings in the pre-Columbian voyages, wherein he declares that "the glory of having discovered America in the tenth century belongs unquestionably to the Normans." M. Schalck is now engaged on another American volume, which will have the rather odd title, "Napoléon et l'Amérique." His intention is to bring out the reciprocal influences exerted by France and the United States from the moment of the outbreak of the French Revolution down to the fall of the First Empire, "influences which were often latent," the author remarks, "but which, I think, are of great importance, and which, whether direct or indirect, have as their starting point the rivalry between France and England." So in order to trace these influences from their source down, M. Schalck goes back to the seventeenth century, when the colonial power of France began to decline in the New World. "The subject is a vast one," continues the author modestly, "and I sometimes ask myself the question whether I am equal to the task of treating it as it deserves to be treated. I cannot say how this is, but I will do my best, and if I fail my excuse will be that I am opening a new route, unless I arrive too late; for there does not exist in France, unless I am greatly mistaken, a book of this kind."

IN SPITE of a burning love of national independence, the race divisions of Continental Europe have not been without their influence in Swiss politics. This lends timeliness to the declaration made by the editor of the new French-Swiss review, *Les Cahiers Vaudois:* "We must resign ourselves to it—we are not a nation as others are. There are things which—nationally—we shall never have. We are 'constituted' into a nation, we are not so 'by nature.' We have an organization, we are not an organism. We are not 'necessarily'; we are by virtue of a contract. Everything with us is in a civic agreement. A nation is not necessarily a state. A nation is a being; a state is a form. To be a Frenchman or Italian or German is to be oneself; to be a Swiss is to be a citizen. And to be a Swiss citizen does not prevent one remaining oneself in race, which is not Swiss—there is no Swiss race. I am a Swiss only by a certain fashion of being French; just as a man of Zürich is Swiss only by a certain fashion of being German and a man of Ticino by a certain fashion of being Italian. French is my language—I have, I can have but one, I love but one, I live by one, the language of my place. It is the language of instinct for me, my substance, that by which I assert that I am from a particular country, which is mine, and that I am a person, myself. We French Swiss shall never have creative Swiss strength if we have not French creative force." This significant manifesto may be compared usefully with the situation of many and diverse nationalities in the United States, all by way of melting into one well-defined nation. Is language, then, the secret of the melting pot? Switzerland, with three languages strongly localized, has succeeded in living as one nation for many centuries by "civic agreement."

Science

AN ANCIENT PHARMACOPŒIA.

Syriac Medicine: Syriac Anatomy, Pathology, and Therapeutics, or "The Book of Medicines." By E. A. Wallis Budge. New York: Oxford University Press. $16.75.

Mr. Budge, the indefatigable scholar and Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, has done a valuable service for the history of medicine and the students of Oriental antiquities in publishing an elaborate Syriac manuscript which treats in an exhaustive manner the medical knowledge of the day as developed in ancient and mediæval Syria. The text is edited from a manuscript copied at the direction of Mr. Budge at Alkosh, about thirty miles from Mosul on the Tigris, by a certain Isa bar-Eshâya. The original manuscript consists of 289 leaves and is written in a fine Nestorian hand, with numerous vowel points. While the manuscript does not appear to be very old, it is a copy of a compilation that goes back, according to Mr. Budge's researches, to the second century before this era. The author, who does not give his name, was a native of Alexandria, and there is every reason to believe that, in addition to the individual who wrote the major portion of the work, there are other compilers represented in the vast collection of recipes and in the discussions of human anatomy and of symptoms of diseases.

Medicine in the East in the second or third centuries before Christ was entirely dependent upon the investigations of the great Greek physicians of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., notably Hippocrates and Galen, with whom, indeed, scientific medicine may be said to have begun. Before the Greeks took hold of the subject, medicine was still entangled with magic and divination practices. The ancient Egyptian medicine appears, indeed, at one time to have cut loose from such leading-strings, but later succumbed to the overpowering influence of divination methods which developed in Babylonia and spread throughout the ancient world. The interesting feature of the text published by Mr. Budge is, on the one hand, its dependence upon Greek medicine, and, on the other, the numerous survivals it contains of the earlier magical aspects of medical treatment, which may be traced directly back to the medicine of the Babylonians and Assyrians.

As already suggested, the text bears distinct indications of being a compilation made from various sources, to which probably one copyist after the other added further material. Despite the complicated nature of the composition, one can detect a certain system in the order of subjects. The beginning is made with diseases whose source is found in the head. This is followed by injuries to the respiratory organs, the eyes, tongue, and ears, after which there follow several chapters of a somewhat miscellaneous character. A definite order appears again in the sequence of diseases of the lungs, heart, stomach, liver, bowels, colon, and kidneys. The dependence upon the theory and practice of the Greek physicians is not only apparent in every page, but it is directly indicated by references to Galen, Hippocrates, Theodoros, Archigenes, and others. Two chapters are missing at the beginning, and there are a number of gaps towards the end of the text, but the survey just given shows the large scope of the work, which is evidently intended to cover all diseases incident to the human frame. The theoretical discussion of each disease occupies only a small place in comparison with the remedies proposed, which are heaped up with the intention of providing for all contingencies. In this respect Greek medicine still shows its dependence upon that of Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria, for the characteristic feature of the medical texts found on Egyptian papyri and on cuneiform tablets is the large number of prescriptions registered for every disease, and, in fact, for every symptom of a disease. Whatever experience had shown to be of value was noted, and so, in the course of time, there grew up an enormous amount of traditional medical lore to which constant additions were made. To take a single example, for difficulty of breathing (including asthma), over twenty different prescriptions are given, differing so considerably from one another as to leave no doubt of their having been compiled from a variety of sources.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of the text published by Mr. Budge is the proof furnished that by the side of the more scientific Greek medicine, the older method of treating diseases,

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on the assumption that the bodily trouble was due to the presence of a demon that had found its way into the body, continued to prevail in Syria, and no doubt throughout the ancient East. After exhausting the knowledge that our compilers derived from Greek sources, there is added a long chapter of what the author calls "The Book of Medicines of the Country." By this he means the old native prescriptions which survived the introduction of more scientific medical treatment. It is amazing to note the close parallel that these prescriptions form to what we find in the medical texts of Babylonia and Assyria. The parallel is so close at times that one is tempted to suspect a direct translation into Syriac from the Babylonian original. At all events, the basic idea is identical with the purpose of the remedies found in Babylonian-Assyrian texts, which was to drive out the demon through ill-smelling concoctions or to coax him out through pleasant odors. The cure of the patient followed as a corollary, but the real aim towards which medical treatment was directed was against the demon supposed to be the cause of the disease. Accordingly, we find in these Syriac texts the same strange mixtures, such as pig's fat, the gall of an ox, urine of goats or of young boys, and even the excrement of man or beast, as well as alkali, myrrh, sesame, oil of roses, onions, etc.

As an indication of the purely magical character of such prescriptions, it will suffice to call attention to the directions for curing clouded vision. A young dove is to be taken, its eyes dug out, and it is to be left in the nest for three days. When the mother comes back and sees that its young is blind she will go and bring a certain root, to be laid upon the eyes. Then the head of the young bird is cut off and burnt, and with the ashes the eyes of the patient are to be smeared. A better specimen of the old Babylonian-Assyrian method of treating disease could hardly be found, and the further proof for the direct link uniting this native medicine of Syria with that which was developed in the Euphrates Valley is to be seen in such details as the frequent injunction to take the concoction in wine, which is almost invariably introduced as an ingredient in the prescriptions of Babylonian-Assyrian physicians.

To cap the argument for the curious mixture of old and new in Mr. Budge's text, the compilers have added forecasts and astrological omens precisely after the manner of Babylonian divination texts, in which all kinds of predictions are made from the direction of the wind, the movement of the clouds, the position of the planets, from shooting stars, eclipses of the sun and moon, and the like. Lists of lucky and unlucky days are added, and while the bearing upon disease is in most cases only incidental, yet the evident purpose of the compiler in adding these forecasts and omens was to furnish the physician with the ability to answer questions regarding the outcome of bodily troubles which were put to him. In many cases direct statements regarding this outcome are added according to the phenomena observed in the heavens at the time of the disease, or according to the day of the month in which the symptoms manifested themselves. All this again takes us back directly to the Babylonian-Assyrian methods, so that apart from its intrinsic value the text published by Mr. Budge has an unusual significance for the history of human culture.

Mr. Budge himself, in an elaborate introduction, calls attention to this aspect of the manuscript, without, however, by any means exhausting the material that it furnishes to students of the history of medicine. A valuable part of this material is to be found in the names of the hundreds of drugs, plants, roots, powders, etc., in the prescriptions. Many of these are of Greek origin, but a large number are native terms, and in not a few cases do we find these terms to be the same that we encounter in cuneiform texts. Indeed, with the help of the Syriac names we can interpret in a more satisfactory manner some of the expressions in many of the compilations of Babylonia. It would have added greatly to the value of the work if Mr. Budge had discussed some of the names for drugs and plants occurring in the texts, the meaning of which is not altogether clear. We have noted a number of cases in which Mr. Budge translates the same term in two different ways. A more careful study of the medical nomenclature is thus called for, and no doubt the appearance of this important text will stimulate students in this subject. There are also a number of passages in the Syriac text which present difficulties that are not solved by the translation which the editor offers, but it would be ungrateful to carp at minor matters in view of the profound debt which scholars owe to Mr. Budge for this unique publication.

Probably no more complete pictorial or written life history of any bird has ever been prepared than "Antarctic Penguins" (McBride, Nast; $1.75 net), by G. Murray Levick. The anthropomorphic appearance and ways of these most curious birds make such an account more than popular—it is sensational, and yet scientific as regards truth. The author feels but little the tremendous dramatic possibilities of his subject, but his narrative is clear and pleasing, and the photographs are superb. Perhaps the most memorable shows a black line of toddling little forms, many miles in length, laboring with short steps over the vast field of ice en route to the distant rookery.

Music and Drama

OPERA IN PARIS.

A COATLESS JOSEPH—LIBERTIES IN LIBRETTO — WAGNER IN PARIS — TRIAL STAGES.

Richard Strauss and his "Legend of Joseph" have taken their departure from the Paris Opéra. The first *succès d'estime* had degenerated into a *succès de curiosité*, of which the least factor was music. More even than the extraordinary mingling of Venetian scene-painting and Renaissance costume of some of the characters, light flashing on the lack of costume of the young Joseph made an impression, not all of art. Almost exactly a century ago, a like impression was described by the Irish melodist, fresh to Paris:

Here Daniel, in pantomime, bids bold defiance
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuffed lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and but little of it.

This time gender is changed and the young Israelite is the hero, Oriental enough, but more Babylonish than Egyptian and dished up for weak decadent Romans rather than Venetians such as Nietzsche loved—"willing for Might." The prima donna who consented to hush her voice in the pantomime of Potiphar's wife was clad, and she did her best to reduce her Russian beauty to the required type:

Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes,
I cannot bear their fire!

Nijinski, who had his departure last year after a gesture conventional to no ballet, Russian or otherwise, looked on from his box at the unclothed, unimpassioned, and slow Joseph, while the orchestra crashed its accompaniment of inextricable counterpoint to the deafening cymbals.

The efforts made in the libretto of recent French opera to give only words expressing adequately the musical emotion have brought to light contrasting examples from a century ago. Until 1830, Mozart's "Don Juan" (known in France only by his Spanish name) sang the most unexpected French words—and often to music Mozart never knew. The action being at Naples, an eruption of Vesuvius destroyed the palace of Don Juan. Three "cavaliers of the Marshalsea (horse police)" sang convincedly the trio of the Masques:

Await in silence
The moment of vengeance,
Or the least imprudence
Upsets our plans!

Don Juan kills comfortably the commander behind the scenes and straightway comes forward, with an emotion

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not foreseen by Mozart, and sings to music of Kalkbrenner:

> Let's gather young roses
> Which Zephyr uncloses—
> Love's fresh flower unclosing
> To Pleasure belongs!

This was unscrupulous enough, but not so much so as the arrangement of the "Magic Flute," which needed *morceaux de succès*, according to the Paris director. He inserted what he liked of "Don Juan," including Kalkbrenner—and Haydn—and changed the name to "The Mysteries of Isis." The musicians of the orchestra promptly modified this to "The Miseries of Isis." English libretto at least aimed at translation and rhythm, as in "Le Nozze di Figaro":

Un caso: Madama
La notte ti chiama—din! din!

Suppose it befall you
The Countess should call you—ding! ding!

The anonymous French writer known as "Foemina"—only beginning to be known to English readers—moralizes with her usual penetration and from her own experience on the influence of Wagner in France:

The music of Wagner came to us at a moment when need of liberty and room and horror of constraint, a thirst for novelty and a burning, nervous sense of pity and vast, vague hopes were working in us. The will "to live one's life" and the certainty of the "right to happiness" were contemporary with our first enthusiasms for the magician of Bayreuth, along with respect for no matter what passion; with palpitating tenderness for the guilty ones suffering; ardent faith in the results of Socialism; a keener taste for generosity than for justice—and many a tendency, hesitating or precise, toward Anarchy.

Those who are coming after us resemble us not at all. They must have other emotions. When Mozart is played at concerts, it is curious to see what sincere, passionate pleasure is taken by the hearers. You would say his light orchestration, deep peace, and well-ordered reverie are suited to secret needs. Perhaps after the failing of many hopes and the abortion of more than one dream, even those who were in Anarchy begin to find it irritating and seek for rules. License brings the need of constraint and extreme agitation the need of calm. Wagner, who unbridles passions and deifies them and exalts liberty to frenzy, will no doubt not be the herald of the generation now getting to work.

No doubt, too, the generation now getting to work has not yet begun at the Paris Opéra, where "Parsifal" has the best receipts this year, while last year eight different pieces of Wagner were given at forty-eight representations. The greatest single receipt of 1913, however, was for Gounod's "Faust," on March 24—22,363.29 francs, or about $4,500.

The strenuous theatrical life—more dramatic than musical—of the French people may be gathered from the number of new pieces represented in a single year. It was 980 in 1913—and this was 164 less than the number for 1912. It should be said that 511 of these pieces in Paris were performed in special or popular theatres or café-concerts, and not in the known twenty-three theatres frequented by critics. There are 103 theatres of the *quartiers* of Paris, music-halls, and summer cafés—and a dozen or so small theatres where a good deal of the new drama is elaborated. Thus the coming director of the Paris Opéra has earned his experience at the little Théâtre des Arts in drama. Three hundred and fifty of the new pieces were produced in 119 provincial theatres, which might be classified for large cities in much the same manner, and with these have to be counted the very numerous casino halls in watering places. This gives more than 800 new pieces which are not expected to go further than the place and season of their birth. A very few come up to the higher theatres and opera houses by survival of the fittest, and, doubtless, some will please finally the great public. After all, it is something for a country to have all these trial stages devoted to more or less legitimate theatrical and operatic art.

Of the four state theatres of Paris, the Opéra gave two pieces performed for the first time anywhere, "Le Sortilège," by André Gailhard, who had the right to a representation, having carried off the Grand Prix de Rome; and a belated "Suite de Danses" of Chopin. The Opéra Comique produced five recent pieces, of which only "Julien," by Charpentier, of "Louise," is yet known abroad. The Comédie Française had six, and the Odéon nine new pieces. And Antoine of the Odéon has not been able to continue.

Mr. Krall's scheme for organizing all classes of British professional musicians, composers and executants alike, in a powerful trade union, is meeting a good deal of adverse criticism in the English press. It is pointed out, for instance, that, in the event of an industrial struggle, society can dispense more easily with the services of professional violinists and pianists than with those of miners or railwaymen, or even lawyers and doctors. An important factor, by the way, in increasing the cost of orchestral concerts in England is said to be the demand of the picture palaces for instrumentalists. Players prefer the regular engagements and assured incomes that this new opportunity places within their reach.

Dr. Muck, Michael Balling, and Siegfried Wagner are to be the conductors of this summer's Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, which will last from July 22 to August 20.

The operatic event of the season in Italy was Wagner's "Parsifal." In Milan it had twenty-seven and in Rome twenty-two performances. Verdi was represented by four operas in Milan ("Nabuco," "Aïda," "Otello," and "Falstaff"), and the total number of performances was 115. Twelve of these were of Mascagni's new opera, "Parisina," which was also heard in Rome, but only seven times.

Sarah Bernhardt will begin her "farewell" American tour in October. Among other characterizations she promises to appear as Shylock in the trial scene of "The Merchant of Venice." Her repertory will include: "Jeanne Doré," "Lucretia Borgia," "Resurrection," "Phèdre," "Camille," "Madame X," "Le Mort de Tintagile," "A Night Before Christmas," and "The Death of Cleopatra."

At the termination of his present engagement with the Théâtre Gymnase, in Paris, M. Lucien Guitry will join MM. Coquelin and Hertz, directors of the Porte-Saint-Martin and the Nouvel Ambigu Theatres, whose company already includes M. Le Bargy, formerly of the Comédie Française, and other well-known artists. He is to appear next October in the leading part in a play of his own.

His first experiment in producing plays in weekly instalments, like serial stories, has convinced the proprietor of the London Coliseum that the new method is worth continuing. In one instance a man who, after seeing the first, second, and third acts on successive Mondays, had been unable to obtain a seat for the fourth, came to the pay-box and begged to be told how the play ended. The proprietor suggests that the time may come when three provincial or suburban theatres, conveniently near one another, will combine to split up a drama, an opera, and a comedy, and by giving an act of each at each house will make a triple appeal to the playgoing public. The first week Theatre A would give Act I of a drama, filling up the rest of its bill with varieties. The second week it would give Act II of the same drama and Act I of an opera, while at the same time Act I of the drama would be at Theatre B. By this process all three theatres would be running drama, opera, and comedy within a few weeks. It all sounds rather confusing, but many plays have been produced in recent seasons which might with advantage have been taken in small doses.

"Sanctuary," the bird masque of Percy MacKaye, which was performed before the President of the United States, at Meriden, N. H., last September, has been published in a dainty volume, well printed and prettily illustrated (Stokes; $1). The superior literary, poetic, and imaginative qualities of the little work can be better appreciated, perhaps, in type than in actual representation. Mr. MacKaye has acquitted himself of a difficult task with delicate fancy and much verbal skill. His sylvan parable, with its wise and humane moral, is admirable in design and workmanship, and demonstrates the educational and artistic possibilities of that civic theatre of which he is so enthusiastic an advocate.

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Art

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May 24.

New rooms for paintings have been opened this year in the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. Rumors are about of new regulations in both Salons which will make it possible for a greater number of exhibitors to be admitted. This is reform in the wrong direction. What is needed is to close rooms, to keep out exhibitors, to cut down, reject ruthlessly, or else the whole business of giving art exhibitions will degenerate into an empty farce. It is almost that already. What with the Salon d'Automne, the Salon des Indépendants, the Salon des Artistes Français, the Salon de la Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, innumerable small shows here, there, and everywhere, in Paris alone, more is exhibited in a year than it is possible for any human being to see or digest, to criticise or enjoy.

It is part of the irony of the whole situation that the year for opening the new rooms downstairs in the new Salon should happen to be one when an unusually large number of the members and exhibitors who give distinction or interest to the galleries have stayed away. Rodin sends nothing, nor does Cottet, nor Caro-Delvaille; Willette, Louis Legrand, Jean Veber, Renouard, Jean Béraud, are among the absent; Anglada, Walter Gay, Zorn, Morrice, are four of the many foreigners for whom one looks in vain. Two rooms have been devoted to Gaston La Touche, one side of another room to Gaston Hochard, both of whom, distinguished members of the Society, have died within the year. I need not point out how severe is the test of a one-man show. It can hardly be said that La Touche stands it to great advantage, especially as there has been no effort to find the right background for the decorative panels most of his paintings really are, or to frame them appropriately. However, after making every allowance for the loss when panels of this kind are hung as pictures, it is certain that so many shown together do not produce the same impression as the few shown year by year—above all, if these few belonged to one series. In such a large miscellaneous collection there seems something almost meretricious in the splendor of light and fantasy of color so often repeated. The clever painting of the water, the dramatic use of the splotches of golden sunlight, even the subjects, the reappearance of his swans, the irresponsible medley of realism and allegory, take on the tedium of a formula, an immensely accomplished trick. Hochard suffers less from the ordeal. His paintings are pictures to be framed, and not decorations. No allegory breaks in upon his stern naturalism; he deals with facts and reduces them to their bare essentials stated in the simplest terms. It is extraordinary how he can fill a marketplace with a crowd or set up the intricate, ornate façade of a Gothic church, with an economy of means that would lead other painters to emptiness; extraordinary how he can get from his bare facts so bluntly stated a color and quality, now in the copes of priests waiting for the ceremony, now in a provincial procession, that a carefully arranged harmony often fails to yield.

I may criticise Gaston La Touche, but it is fair to admit that in neither Salon are there many decorative arrangements to be compared to his. In the new Salon one passes by Roll's big ceiling for the Petit Palais, almost vulgar in design and color, by Weerts's bigger panel for the Hôtel de Ville at Roubaine, by other expanses of dull canvas, to turn with relief to a series of decorative panels by Maurice Denis, though I must confess it is not easy to discover in them the theme of Nausicaa with which they are credited in the catalogue. The bathers and the ball-players are very modern, perhaps seem all the more modern because the painter's method, his extreme simplification of form and line, color and tone, has been accepted as a model by many a would-be young genius who poses as Post-Impressionist. The deliberate archaism savors at times of affectation, but Maurice Denis is an artist, and there is rhythm in the large flowing lines of sea and shore, balance in the spaces of drapery and sand and hillside and nude figures, while it is evident that he has studied the color of the old fresco-painters, to his own profit.

In the old Salon, the big *machins* are fewer than of old, and there Zo's enormous outdoor group of Bonnat et ses élèves Basques et Béarnais for the Musée Bonnat at Bayonne, and Jamet's amusingly realistic ceiling for the Salle des Mariages in the Mairie at Montrouge, and the others by more or less well-known painters, may cheerfully be passed for Henri Martin's huge Le Travail painted for the Palais de Justice. He has shown us laborers before now, but they have usually been laborers in the field; now they are the laborers more typical of what we mean by work to-day: men busy putting up a mighty building, architects, builders, masons, plasterers, all toiling in the brilliant sunshine expressed in the scientific scheme of dots that he has accustomed us to on his canvases, big and little—a brilliant performance, if without the suavity and rhythm that Denis has at his command.

Perhaps the most notable event in either Salon is the appearance of Zuloaga (in the Beaux Arts Salon, of course), who has refrained from exhibiting only too often of recent years. He brings with him a spirit of life, an enthusiasm, a genuine interest in things for their own sake. He has his unmistakable style, but it has not degenerated into a cut-and-dried recipe; he does not give you the same picture every year, as Pointelin gives you the same landscape and Bonnat the same portrait in the old Salon, or as Lhermitte and Carolus-Duran in the new. You could not mistake Zuloaga for any other painter, but he has always something new to say in his own way, and his own way is invariably stimulating in its directness and its freedom from technical fads and movements. He has painted groups of bull-fighters before, but with what inexhaustible zest he again renders the different types, this time found in the village bull-ring! With what delicacy and splendor he gives the detail of their brilliant costume! Who could get as he does the right value of the gold embroidery on a cloak without a touch of crudity or gaudiness? It is true that in the portrait of Maurice Barrès, the figure of the author, dark and sinister, his own yellow-covered book in his hand, is all but lost in the extreme left of the canvas, which is filled instead with the sombre dignity of Toledo, the town Barrès loved and feared and described; true that in the portrait of The Cardinal, the red of the wide-spreading robes is reflected in the face with unnecessary brutality; but from what other portrait is there to be had such a sensation of life, of the thing seen and rejoiced in, of sheer exultation in the sureness and swagger obtained with every stroke of the brush?

The only other portraits that seemed to me to give this sensation of life, though with all the difference in the world, are those of Boldini. He comes dangerously near the fashion-plate himself. One of his two small canvases, the portrait of a lady in the last eccentricities of an eccentric mode, which reduces her, as she lounges in her chair, to scarcely more than a twist of silk and two slender black legs, is almost not so much a fashion-plate as a caricature of a fashion-plate. But Boldini never fails to redeem the absurdities and exaggerations of his sitters by the painter's joy in them, by the wonderful vivacity and accomplishment of his technique, by the beauty of detail—in this portrait the beauty of the velvet and gilding of a chair, the glint of the silver tea service.

As compositions, also, Zuloaga's three large canvases have few rivals. Opposite are three large paintings by Simon and in the largest, Le Quai, there is an obvious endeavor to work out an arrangement in blue in the bril-

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liant blouses of the men loafing there. Simon's talent, too, is supposed to be for straightforwardness of vision and strength of treatment. But Simon's arrangement becomes as impersonal as a camera's by comparison. Feeling for design must be sought rather in work that has as little in common with Zuloaga's as Frieseke's and Barlow's in the new Salon, Richard Miller's in the old. Few keep more scrupulously than Barlow to the same themes. He sees such beauty in his quiet women in their quiet dress, still and tranquil as they go about their domestic tasks, that he never tires of painting them, usually in the same simple interiors, though this spring one of the women has wandered out into a shadowy garden filled with rose-colored flowers growing close to the white walls of a house, and it is evident that the painter placed her just there for pure delight in the value of the blue of the shutters against the white of the simple walls. It is in the subtle, evanescent changes wrought by light and color that he gets variety in his endless repetition of the same theme, just as the old Dutch masters did when they painted again and again the same gray room or the same sunlit court. Frieseke is another American who is absorbed in the study of light, but, in his case, brilliant glowing light. If he paints a Venus, it is for the beauty and tenderness of flesh tints in strong sunlight; if a group sitting together out of doors in the summer time, it is because of the way light summer stuffs reflect and absorb the light; if an interior, it is because of the play of sunlight falling and filtering through the window; and always, with the help of the passing light, he weaves figures and background into a perfect harmony.

Richard Miller, who remains faithful to the Artistes Français, is also an ardent student of light in its infinite variety. You cannot doubt his pleasure in rendering the beautiful woman, who in one of his paintings sits low by the window sewing—there for no other reason than that he might study the new value of flesh and hair and draperies against the open window, protected by a half-drawn green blind from the fierce sunshine outside; it is marvellous with what truth the mingling of the cool and hot lights as they stream into the room has been observed, and with what beauty the artist's impression has been recorded. For some years past it was from Le Sidaner many of the most sympathetic impressions and studies of light came. But there are signs of fatigue, of indifference, in his latest work, in his large empty harbor and his colorless, characterless church in the moonlight.

I should have something to say of Luigini, Ménard, Louis Picard, Charles Guérin, had I not said it often before. And there are many things that in a smaller show could not be overlooked. One fact worth the noting is that more Americans contribute every year to the two Salons, and that they maintain as high a level of accomplishment as any other group, and, in many cases, more distinct character. Alexander Harrison, Ullmann, George Elmer Browne, Edwin Scott, Hawthorne, Rolshoven, Elizabeth Nourse, Hermann Webster are among those at the new Salon; and at the old are Mura, Van der Weyden, Walter Griffin, Warren Eaton, Max Bohm, Tanner, Raymond Neilson, and J. McLure Hamilton, the most distinguished, sending, however, but one pastel, a sensitive and masterly study.

In the department of prints and drawings both Salons have fallen away sadly in interest and achievement. It was here at one time that the most important and representative work was found. To-day, little rewards the most careful search. The old Salon reserves its recognition more rigorously than ever for the reproductive etching and lithograph, Bauer's strong and dignified etchings the most conspicuous exceptions. Men like Louis Legrand and Léandre have ceased to contribute to the new Salon. Illustration is passing through a lean interval after its fat years at the end of the last century. In France the tendency at present is to make it do just what it should not—the tendency, that is, to use color drawings in the text and to make them elaborate beyond the reach of modern methods of reproduction, as well as inappropriate and out of harmony on the printed page.

The sculpture continues to astound one by the high level of workmanship attained. Whenever sculpture is needed as decoration, there is always the French sculptor ready to supply it. But the genius is as rare among the sculptors as among the painters. Rodin's absence is a loss to the new Salon, where Bartholomé is purely academic in a nude life-size figure of a woman, and adds little to his new version of his bust of La Gloire from Rousseau's tomb at the Panthéon. For character nothing surpasses the bronze head of a man by Bourdelle. From the sculpture court of the old Salon one carries away the usual impression of a wilderness of flamboyant tombs and strident monuments and endless rows of busts, where it is useless to do more than look for the things in which one has a special interest, the bronze of Paul Bartlett's Lafayette it may be, or MacMonnies's two groups, La Pensée and La Philosophie, for the New York Library. These are placed on either side of the main entrance. Whatever strikes one as crowded and awkward in the arrangement now will probably explain itself when they eventually fill the spaces for which they are designed. N. N.

C. F. Bell's "Drawings by the Old Masters in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford" (The Clarendon Press), is an excellent little handlist and pictorial guide. The small, square volume is avowedly modelled on the useful Milanese manuals of old drawings. Something like a thousand drawings, the entire mounted series, are registered alphabetically. About seven hundred more repose unmounted in portfolios, in a probably deserved oblivion. Mr. Bell contributes a brief introduction on the history of the collection tracing many sheets to their older owners. Among these are Vasari, Ridolfi, Lely, and the two Richardsons. The original bequest to Christ Church was made in 1765 by Gen. John Guise, and for years the use of the collection was hampered by the testamentary command that the drawings should be examined only in the presence of an M. A. Colvin, Berenson, and others have published and described the most important sheets—Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, etc.—but Mr. Bell's 125 cuts present many surprises and problems to students. Among the novelties may be signalized a magnificent Tintoretto sketch for the Stoning of St. Stephen. Many learned visitors have helped in the matter of attributions. Generally these are cautious and credible. The reviewer's especial skepticism is aroused by the interesting series ascribed to Parmigianino, the best of which have more the look of early Schiavone. The book is in every way a boon to the straitened student.

Finance

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THINGS.

What has for some little time been described as a "turn for the better in sentiment"—a change which, until very lately, seemed to be based on nothing tangible—has begun to be supported by actual developments. One of them is the continued and highly remarkable grain crop outlook, reflected last Monday by the Government's own forecast of a total wheat yield, under present indications, of no less than 900,000,000 bushels. Last year's crop, which broke all previous records in our history, was 763,000,000. A second consideration, offsetting the gold-export movement which has continued so persistently, is the strong position of the banks; the surplus over required percentage of reserve to liabilities, at the New York institutions, having last Saturday overtopped the showing at this date of any year since 1898.

At last week's end, news of perceptible quickening of business in the cotton trade, and of the placing with the steel mills of several railway orders larger than any received in many weeks, added to the good impression. The Supreme Court's decision, last Monday, upholding the Interstate Commerce Commission's contention that State

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Commissions have no right to discriminate against approved interstate rates by requiring lower charges for the corresponding service within the borders of the State, was a victory for fair and even-handed railway supervision. Yet to all this the Stock Exchange has responded only faintly, if at all. On Wall Street, at any rate, the atmosphere of uncertainty and hesitation has continued.

In so far as the movement on the Stock Exchange reflects the sober judgment of experienced men on the general tendencies of the day—and a stock market, in the long run, may usually be relied upon to do that—the present world-wide halt in activity is not illogical. When people do know what is going to happen next, and have been prepared for startling occurrences, their ordinary instinct is to stand still. If they can see danger immediately ahead, they will retreat; if there is nothing to disturb them, they will move ahead. Neither of the two situations exists at the present moment. The financial markets had recognized the fact, and practically ceased to move.

The truth seems to be, that every great financial centre has had apprehensions of its own as to what may happen. But the apprehensions are vague, and do not lend themselves to definite predictions. The French market, for instance, is utterly perplexed as to what its new national legislature is likely to do with certain large public questions; but it does not know of any legislation with a powerful following which would threaten private or public credit. The London market has before it what might be regarded as an absolutely unprecedented picture of social and political disorder. The attacks of the English female maniacs on property and persons have created on the one hand an impossible social position, and on the other hand, the activities of the Ulster malcontents are those which would naturally precede the rebellion of a province. But England has not been able to persuade itself to take either demonstration as a real and formidable turn in the march of public affairs.

Any one can imagine or predict what may actually result from such extraordinary movements; but the prediction does not inspire belief, and serious men will not base their business plans even on the possibility of civil war in Ulster. It may in fact be suggested that not only the lack of excitement with which these incidents are regarded, but the easy-going manner in which their worst possible outcome is discussed, is proof of the community's disbelief in such an outcome. The time when such a thing as civil war, for instance, is actually about to happen, is apt to be a time when all interested people are insisting that its occurrence is impossible.

The position in the United States is curiously different from that in any of these great foreign centres—so much so, that one is sometimes tempted to wonder why we do not hear of this country's peculiar immunity from their troubles. We have our public demonstrations by bands of individuals who object to the present social order; but when the I. W. W. invades the rights of private individuals we put them in jail, and do not release them because they threaten a "hunger strike." We have defiant sections of the country; but the defiance of California and Texas is not of the Ulster sort.

It is true that we have unpleasant uncertainties of Congressional legislation; at the moment, we are confronted with the passage, by one house, of "supplementary anti-Trust bills" which the business community dislikes. These measures undoubtedly have certain grave defects; they are mischievously insincere in their dealing with "labor," they are clumsily drawn, and they can scarcely be described as fulfilling at all President Wilson's promise of legislation which should "limit the debatable area" around the original Anti-Trust act.

All this is true; yet there remain three important facts, which the history of this Congress up to date has clearly proved, and which should be remembered in connection with this latest group of bills. One is, that the radicals of the wilder sort, whom Wall Street, fifteen months ago, apprehensively expected to control this Congress, have not had control at all. The second is, that legislation has been orderly, and the third, that no proposed measure of really objectionable character has yet passed into the statute books this session, without such thorough and careful overhauling as eliminated most or all of its serious defects.

The question of granting increased railway rates is a different and no doubt a paramount problem in the minds of most American business men, and it is right enough that it should be so. But it is not so often considered that even refusal of an advance would at least do nothing more than retain the *status quo* with present rates maintained, whereas under the older order of things a period of dull trade, as prolonged as that through which the country has been passing, would undoubtedly have meant savage "rate wars," cutting of transportation charges below cost, and widespread railway insolvency. That situation, perfectly familiar in the seventies and eighties, is to-day wholly out of the question, and that is perhaps one reason why investors in our railway securities, even when they hesitate to buy more, appear to be in no hurry to sell what they have.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Broster, D. K., and Taylor, G. W. The Vision Splendid. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Buford, E. P. An Earthen Mold. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Horn, Kate. Frivole. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Janvier, Thomas A. At the Casa Napoleon. Harper. $1.25 net.
London, Jack. The Strength of the Strong. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Parker, Gilbert. You Never Know Your Luck. Doran. $1.25 net.
Stewart, E. P. Letters of a Woman Homesteader. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Ulfers, S. Idylls of a Dutch Village. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Whitaker, Herman. Cross Trails. Harper. $1.20 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anecdotes of the Hour by Famous Men. H. I. L. Co. 50 cents net.
Carr, J. F. Immigrant and Library: Italian Helps. Immigration Education Society. 35 cents.
Curme, G. O. A First German Grammar. Oxford University Press.
Earle, C. W., and Case, Ethel. Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Gosse, Edmund. Collected Essays. 4 vols. Scribner.
Hall, F. H. Good Form for All Occasions. Harper. $1 net.
Holder, C. F. Salt Water Game Fishing. Outing Publishing Co. 70 cents net.
Hunt, T. English Literary Miscellany. 2 vols. Oberlin: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.
Ketcham, V. A. Argumentation and Debate. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Moncrieff, A. R. Hope. A Book About Authors. Macmillan. $3 net.
Pelham, H. S. The Training of a Working Boy. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Pinkerton, R. E. The Canoe. Outing Publishing Co. 70 cents net.
Reynolds, M. J. How Man Conquered Nature. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Rust, T. D. A B C of Salesmanship. Fenno. $1.
Scott, F. E. Here and There with Paul and Peggy. Hurst. 60 cents.
Stone, H. L. The America's Cup Races. Outing Publishing Co. $2.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Abercrombie, Lascelles. Speculative Dialogues. Kennerley.
Avalon, A. Principles of Tantra. Part I. London: Luzac. 10s. net.
Baring-Gould, S. The Church Revival. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Burr, A. R. Religious Confessions and Confessants. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Coit, Stanton. The Soul of America. Macmillan. $2 net.
Driesch, Hans. The Problem of Individuality. Macmillan. $1 net.
Fowler, W. Warde. Roman Ideas of Deity. Macmillan. 5s. net.
Hodges, George. The Human Nature of the Saints. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hodges, George. The Year of Grace. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Thilly, Frank. A History of Philosophy. Holt.
Tyler, J. M. The Place of the Church in Evolution. Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Whitney, G. T., and Fogel, P. H. Kant's Critical Philosophy. Macmillan. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Benson, A. L. Our Dishonest Constitution. Huebsch. $1 net.
Croce, Benedetto. Historical Materialism and the Economics of Karl Marx. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Kerschensteiner, Georg. The Schools and the Nation. Trans. from the German by C. K. Ogden. Macmillan. $1.60.
Protheroe, E. The Railways of the World. Dutton. $2 net.
Seligman, Edwin R. A. The Income Tax. Revised and Enlarged. Macmillan. $3 net.

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Spargo, John. Socialism and Motherhood. Huebsch. 60 cents net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Burton, R. G. Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Davis, W. S. A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Hall, Thornton. Romances of the Peerage. Brentano. $3.75 net.
Ives, George. A History of Penal Methods. Stokes.
Les Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871. Tomes VII and VIII. Paris: Ficker.
Venosta, G. V. Memoirs of my Youth. Trans. by the Rev. W. Pratt. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.

TRAVEL.

New, E. H. Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country. Macmillan. $2 net.
Smith, W. Spooner. Travel Notes of an Octogenarian. Boston: Gorham Press. $1.50 net.
Woodroffe, J. F. The Upper Reaches of the Amazon. Macmillan. $3 net.

POETRY.

Castello, A. M. Wild Animal Verses. Broadway Publishing Co.
Frost, Robert. North of Boston. London: Nutt. 3s. 6d. net.
Gale, Norman. Collected Poems. Macmillan. $2 net.
Keet, A. E. Hands Across the Equator. Author.
Rentoul, J. L. From Far Lands. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Comrie, J. D. Black's Medical Dictionary. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Lynde, C. J. Physics of the Household. Macmillan.
Rogers, J. E. Tree Guide. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Worcester, A. Nurses for Our Neighbors. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Wright, W. B. The Quaternary Ice Age. Macmillan. $5 net.

DRAMA.

Shaw, Bernard. Misalliance, Fanny's First Play, and The Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Brentano. $1.50 net.

ART.

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